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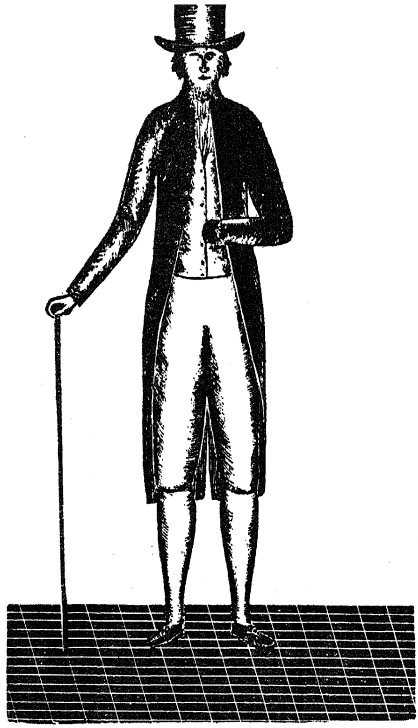
THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

JOHN ROBERT SHAW



'The Wonderful recovery of JOHN R. SHAW

I'll praiſe the LORD while I have breath,
And ſhout his holy name,
And all the wonders of his works
I loudly will proclaim.

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE & TRAVELS

OF

JOHN ROBERT SHAW,

THE WELL-DIGGER,

NOW RESIDENT IN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
" Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice ;—
" But happy he. who with a prudent care,
" Retreats betimes from the fallacious snare."

LEXINGTON:

PRINTED BY DANIEL BRADFORD.

1807.

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PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FOWLER
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, 1930

This edition is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. J. Henry Heuser, who with a true collector's instinct, brought this book to life after a hundred years of oblivion.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Kentucky Gazette for November the 27th, 1806 was printed the following notice, inserted by John Robert Shaw, "In a few months I shall present to the public a narrative of thirty years of my life and travels, five different times a soldier, three times shipwrecked, twelve months a prisioner of war, and four times blown up." Sometime the next year, "A Narrative of the Life and Travels of John Robert Shaw" was issued in Lexington under the imprint of Daniel Bradford and the subscribers, among whom were Henry Clay and Simon Kenton, were reading of a varied life. They were intrigued, no doubt, by the vicissitudes of this vagabond soldier of the American Revolution; coming to New England as a British redcoat and later

appearing in the rebel army under the banner of the Colonies.

After the chicaneries of an escaped prisoner, after playing the witch doctor and the English fortune teller, after being all but frozen to death in St. Clair's army, after the disgraceful existence of a begging veteran; all this while, taking many a delectable frolic with the bottle and venturesome turn with the lassies, he arrived in Lexington, Kentucky, in the fall of 1791.

As settlements could not be made in the virgin soil of Kentucky without water, Shaw took up the occupation of well-digger. In spite of Christian fortitude and quack doctors, an incurable lust for the bottle continually hung about him, even while engaged in the serious business of blasting wells. This accounts for his being "four times blown up."

His book, considerably antedating the first American novel and published two years before Washington Irving's Knickerbocker History of New York, belongs in time as well as style and flavor to the eighteenth century. It is done so much in the style of Smollet and Defoe that I had hoped to make a direct comparison with Roderic Random or Moll Flanders, but, when Shaw falls into the ways of licentiousness and sin, it is with a reckless abandon not to be encountered outside the pages of Casanova. When he indulges in a spree of repentance, it is with a fervor and sincerity altogether unknown to his English contemporaries.

By Kentuckians he has been regarded, as Defoe often was by his countrymen, as a coarse

fellow of no consequence. "An illiterate fellow whose name I forgot," is what Dean Swift once said about the author of Robinson Crusoe and Moll Flanders. The fate of any book is ever subject to the unpredictable caprices of posterity, but there is no doubt that John Robert Shaw will eventually take a place, unique in American literature.

His humility is meritorious. "It is humbly hoped," he says, "that this small performance will not be examined by the rigid rules of criticism, nor its inaccuracies too severely censured; especially when it is known to be the production of a man almost totally illiterate, and who for the support of himself and family, has been long and laboriously engaged in blowing rocks and digging wells." One takes such modesty with a grain of salt even while reading these lines. Still it was his detachment from literary canons, and his freedom from the taint of professionalism in letters that left his style uncorrupted and made possible for us an American scene in the manner of the eighteenth century English narrative. He says at the outset, "To amuse my readers by a specious fiction was not my design; but, what with the generality of them, I flatter myself, be a greater recommendation,—a strict adherence to the truth. For,

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art"

He has remained unknown principally because the first and only edition of his book was virtually read out of existence. Only a few copies are known to survive. After the passing of a period

of Victorianism that would have disdained him without reservation, his oblivion was complete. Since the revival of a Humanism in America that has brought new editions of Tom Jones, Moll Flanders, Cellini, and Casanova to the bookshelves, a copy of John Robert Shaw has not appeared in the hands of a critic or publisher.

Some day this narrative of a well-digger will keep company with the other autobiographies of lovable rascals that enjoy the two-fold desideratum of a book, not only to survive but also to be read.

If this edition shall in anyway hasten the recognition of the most significant contribution the early west has to offer to American letters, I shall be content.

GEORGE L. FOWLER

Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 4th, 1930.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—*In order to retain the flavor of the original, we have faithfully adhered to all of the idiosyncrasies of punctuation and orthography of the first edition.*

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

I SHOULD deem myself guilty of an unjustifiable neglect, were I to omit availing myself of this favourable opportunity of declaring how deeply my mind is impressed with a grateful sense of the obligation I lie under to my patrons in particular, and the public in general, for the very ample encouragement which I have received in the humble line of my profession; as well as for the generosity which has been still further manifested, by a liberal subscription towards defraying the expenses of publishing the following narrative, which, with all its imperfections, is now presented to them with all humility, respect and veneration.

It is humbly hoped, that this small performs ance will not be examined by the rigid rule of criticism, nor its inaccuracies too severely censured; especially when it is known to be the production of a man almost totally illiterate, and who for the support of himself and family, has been long and laboriously engaged in "blowing rocks and digging wells."

Perhaps no author had ever greater reason to solicit the kind indulgence of his readers than myself. It was, indeed, my wish, with the assistance of a friend, to have thrown the materials into better order, retrenched some redundancies, and made some improvements in the diction; but my solicitude to comply with the wishes of my subscribers, who were impatient for the work, has in a great measure precluded the intended corrections.

The principal object, however, I had in view in compiling my narrative, was to deliver, in plain and intelligible language, a true and faithful detail of the various incidents, vicissitudes and errors of my life; and this I flatter myself I have in some measure attained.—To have aimed at any thing higher, or to have affected a display of knowledge, which I was conscious I did not possess, would only have rendered my feeble efforts more conspicuously ridiculous, and exposed me to the just contempt and derision of a discerning public.

To amuse my readers by a specious fiction was not my design; but, what with the generality of them, will, I flatter myself, be a greater recommendation,—*a strict adherence to truth.* For,

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
"One native charm than all the gloss of art."

The greater part of my past life (with regret I speak it) has been little else than a series of errors and follies, and consequent misfortunes; and some no doubt, of my friends, as well as enemies, will be disposed to look upon the publication of this narrative, as one of the greatest errors in the whole catalogue:—and they may probably be in the right; but,

"In things indifferent, reason bids us choose,
"Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse."

And be it ever remembered, that

"*To err is human; to forgive divine.*"———

I am, with all possible respect,
the public's most obliged,
most devoted,
and most obedient,
humble servant,

JOHN R. SHAW.

Lexington, April, 1807.

THE LIFE & TRAVELS

OF

JOHN ROBERT SHAW

CHAP. I.

His birth and parentage. — Is seduced by evil counsel.—Disobeys his father.—Elopes and enlists for a soldier.—Refuses to return.—Is put on board a ship and sent to America.—The hardships he endured.—His account of some battles and skirmishes in which he was engaged, &c.

I WAS born on the 19th day of August 1761, in the town of Manningham, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, Old England. My father was by occupation a stuff-weaver; and I was put to the same business at the age of twelve years.—About two years after, I unfortunately formed an acquaintance with a certain Thomas Fields, who used every artifice and device in his power

to draw me into vicious company, in order to bring me to ruin, which he too easily effected. The first *great adventure* in which he engaged me was this: having learned of me that a certain old gentleman, with whom my father was particularly intimate, was in good circumstances, and had always money at command, he addressed me as follows: "Now John," says he, "let us go and borrow some money of this man, in your father's name." Accordingly through a long persuasion he prevailed upon me, and putting a plausible story in my mouth, off we went, and borrowed two shillings, [stirling.] Being as yet but a novice in wickedness, and altogether unpractised in the profligate ways of the town, I was entirely at a loss, how to dispose of my ill gotten treasure. But friend Tom soon found the way to the tavern, where to my shame, I got drunk for the first time. "Well Tom," said I, having somewhat recovered my senses, "what is to be done now? My father it seems has discovered my roguery—there he comes."—Poor Tom made no reply but slipped out of the back door, like a thief; and left me to answer for my misconduct, to my father, who led me off by the shoulders like a criminal. This broke the way for my total overthrow.

My next offence was sabbath breaking, to which my father was much opposed, being a strict churchman, and called by his neighbours a sober moral man;

"Religious, punctual, frugal and so forth:
Whose word would pass for more than he was worth."

But as one bad practice generally brings on

another, the blush of innocence being worn off, I soon transgressed again, which induced me to apply to my old friend Tom, and other new comrades, for advice what to do, to avoid the effects of my father's displeasure ?

Upon this, Tom and Jack immediately proposed that we should all go and enlist for soldiers, get clear of work, and be gentlemen at once. So we all concluded to go and enlist the very first opportunity that offered. And lest this should come to my father's ears and I should thus be prevented from accomplishing my design, I determined to lose no time; but accordingly in a few days I made my escape to a place called *Leeds*, a considerable town in the west Riding of Yorkshire, and ten miles from my father's house, where I hoped to be secure and spend my hours more agreeably. But the keeping of bad company is a growing evil, by which my situation was rendered so unpleasant, that I began to entertain serious thoughts of returning home: having found by experience, that my uncle John Hall's house, was not my home. Accordingly I returned to my father, like the repenting prodigal, and lived with him contentedly for some time. But as old habits are hard to be relinquished, I again relapsed into my former irregularities, and grew weary of labour. In 1777 I ran away a second time; being, as I fancied, ill treated by my step mother; though the true motive for my elopement was this: early on Monday morning my father went to Bailden mill, he told me before he set off that "if I did not finish my last week's work, when he came back he would give me a

trimming." This being too hard a task, I put on my best apparel, and directed my course to Shipley, and thence to Windal, to a magician, to have my fortune told; after which I pursued my journey to Coverly; and on Coverly moor, I seriously deliberated with myself what was best to be done. At first I thought of returning home again; but the dread of paternal chastisement, and the ridicule of my acquaintances, to which I must be exposed, in case I came back the second time, banished all thoughts of domestic concerns, and firmly fixed my resolution of enlisting as a king's soldier. So on I went to the place of destination, and arrived there late in the evening. No sooner had I entered the town than, to my great joy, I met one of the 33d regiment's recruits, who, when I told him my business, gladly gave me his hand and said, "Come, my fine lad, the king wants soldiers; come on, my fine boy, I'll shew you the place where the streets are paved with pancakes; and where the hogs are going through the streets carrying knives and forks on their backs, and crying *who will come and eat?*

I accompanied him to the recruiting party's place of rendezvous, at the sign of the Leopard, behind the Shambles, in Bridget street, and was introduced to the recruiting sergeant, whose name was James Shackleton; and also to the corporal whose name was Coggell. Says the sergeant, "well, my fine lad, will you enlist for a soldier?" "Where did you come from?" I came from Bailden. "What is your name?" My name is John R. Shaw. "Are you willing

JOHN R. SHAW AS A PRODIGAL.

to serve the king?" Yes sir. "Well here is a shilling to serve king George the III, in the honourable 33d regiment of foot, commanded by the honourable lord Cornwallis, knight and baronet of the star and garter."—"Well, my lad, you must go to the captain."—So we went to the captain; says the sergeant, "here is a young lad who wishes to enlist for a soldier." "Well, my lad says the captain, "how old are you?" Fifteen or sixteen. "Well, sergeant, bring the standard;" which being brought I measured five feet and one inch high, without my shoes. "Well, my lad," says the captain, "you are too low and under size, and I cannot take you; but here is a shilling and I'll give you a new hat and a cockade, and a new suit of clothes, and go home and be a good boy, and go to school, and come to me two or three years hence, and I will enlist you."

[*The name of this generous captain was* Carr.]

"No," said I, "if you will not take me, I will go and enlist for a drummer in the 59th regiment;" for recruits were then taking in at Leeds to fill up that regiment which had been cut off at the battle of Bunker's hill. "Well then," said the captain, "since the lad is determined to be a soldier, and appears to be a promising youth, I will take him, and here are three guineas, and a crown to drink his majesty's health; now, my fine lad, be a good boy, and I will take you to be my waiter."—Sergeant Shackleton, you must take this young soldier under your care, and provide a billet for him, and get him good quarters; and to-morrow go with him to buy such

necessaries, as you think he will stand in need of, to make him appear like a gentleman." "Come on, my fine Bailden lad," says the sergeant, "come to my quarters." And when I arrived there among my jolly companions,— "Drummer, beat the point of war," was the word; for which a crown bowl of punch was called for, to drink his majesty's health. So we spent that night merrily, and all retired to bed at 12 o'clock. I was put to bed to a naked man, which I thought strange, but this is a common custom with soldiers, in order to save their linen; as it is the policy of soldiers to preserve their cloathing; for we had to appear three times a day dressed and powdered.

In the mean while, my absence occasioned a great deal of uneasiness in my father's family, and much solicitude to know what was become of me. After strict enquiry, however, informaation was at length obtained, that I had gone to enlist for a soldier at Leeds; pursuant, therefore, to this intelligence, about two weeks after my elopement, my father accompanied by my uncle set out in search of me, and having arrived at the place of rendezvous enquired for me of the sergeant. "Would you know your son," said the sergeant, "if you saw him?" My father answered in the affirmative. The reader will please to observe that at the same time I was then setting between my father and uncle, and like an undutiful son, withholding from the former that filial regard due to a parent, and from the latter the respect to which he was entitled. "Well," proceeds the sergeant, "what is

your son's name?" "His name is John R. Shaw, from Bailden." — "Well there he sits between you."

As soon as my father had composed himself, he proposed to me to be bought off, and return home; but I obstinately refused it, and replied, "if you buy me off to day, I will enlist to-morrow for a drummer." Here I cannot avoid reflecting on the shamefulness of my conduct; and among the numerous errors and improprieties of which I have been guilty, this must be considered as none of the least. For to those who gave us existence, and protected the weakness of our infancy, we certainly owe subjection and obedience, during our minority; and honour and reverence during our lives.—Great, indeed, must be the force of parental affection, which, not even the profligacy, ingratitude, and rebellion of children can totally suppress or destroy!—Obedience to parents is the foundation of all youthful virtues; but disobedience and ingratitude the introduction to every vice. Ingratitude—that blackest of vices, steels the heart against all noble and exalted emotions, and obliterates the finest feelings of the soul!——But, to proceed with my narrative——My father finding me inflexibly determined to continue in the army, gave over all entreaties, and departed in tears, leaving me to pursue the bent of my inclinations; for my situation, surrounded by giddy, thoughtless wretches like myself, effectually precluded all serious reflection on the impropriety of my conduct.

The next day I was sent with a billet to the

sign of the Cross-keys on Quarry-hill, and there treated like a gentleman. In a few weeks, however, the militia were called for, in order to do duty in the town of Leeds; and all the recruiting parties of the different regiments were to be billeted out in the country villages. It fell to my lot to go to Bromley, from which once a day I was obliged to go to Leeds, in order to march round with the recruiting party; and exercise myself in running jumping and learning to walk straight. One evening, however, as I was returning to my quarters, having rashly attempted to leap over a fence, I stuck a tenter hook in my leg, which so lacerated the same that I was obliged to hobble back to town as well as I could, where a surgeon was called in to dress the wound. I was then billeted at the sign of the Eagle and Child, in Cawe-lane, and there treated very well; but not being satisfied, I was sent to the hospital at the upper end of the town: where having remained for eight weeks, I was discharged by the surgeon, and sent with a billet to my old quarters, at the sign of the Cross-keys on Quarry-hill.

After some time I obtained a furlough for eight weeks to go home to Bailden, to visit my father. During this period, I became acquainted with one Samuel Crabtree, an old soldier and lately from Minorca; from this man I received great encouragement concerning the military life, and was highly delighted in hearing him recount the particulars of the many sieges and battles in which he had been engaged. While at Bailden I had frequent visits from several of my

relations and neighbours; all endeavouring to persuade me to be bought off, and abandon the army; but all their arguments & expostulations were in vain; though my grandfather, who was in tolerable circumstances, and willing to assist me, in case of good behaviour, repeatedly declared that if I persisted in my contumacy, he would leave me only a shilling to buy a halter; as no better fate could be expected by such a graceless & undutiful youth. Yet regardless of consequences, my resolution remained unshaken. Still I was determined to be a *gentleman soldier*.

The term of my furlough being expired, I returned to the recruiting party at Leeds, and was received with expressions of great applause for my constancy. We afterwards spent a considerable time in recruiting at the country villages, and with a good deal of success. While thus employed, we had an account of the battle of Long-Island, and of the gallant and soldier like behaviour of the 33d regiment, commanded by lieutenant colonel Webster, for which as a mark of distinction an additional ribband of the orange colour was bestowed: the whole consisting of the red, blue, white and yellow. These colours composed our cockade. Four guineas more were given as a bounty to each recruit, which, with the 3 guineas and a crown, which they received at the time of enlisting, as already mentioned, amounted to seven guineas and a crown.

Shortly after, having gained a sufficient number of recruits, we received orders to march. Accordingly we marched on through Wakefield,

Blackbarnsley, Sheffield, Northampton,Nottingham, and so on to London. We halted a few hours in the city, in order to take some refreshment; for there was a Yorkshire man in London, who made it a constant rule to treat all the Yorkshire recruits enlisted for the 33d regiment; having himself been an old soldier, and served the king in that regiment formerly in Flanders. So we all ate and drank heartily, and parted with our generous host in high spirits, and marched on to Greenwich, about five miles east from London; where we remained for three days, and viewed the curiosities of the place. Among these nothing so much engaged my attention and commanded my admiration as the Royal Hospital. It was formerly a royal palace, built by Humphry, duke of Gloucester, enlarged by Henry VII, and completed by Henry VIII. The latter often made this his place of residence; as did also the queens Mary and Elizabeth, who were born in it. It was greatly improved and embelished by Charles II, who spent 36,000 pounds on that part of it which is now the first wing of the hospital towards London. King William III, in 1694, granted it, "with nine acres of ground thereto belonging, to be converted into a royal hospital, for old and disabled seamen, the widows and children of those who lost their lives in the service, and for the encouragement of navigation." Upwards of 2000 old disabled seamen are maintained in this hospital—they are vulgarly called the king's *beef eaters*. The buildings are undoubtedly the finest in the world. From Greenwich there is a fine view of

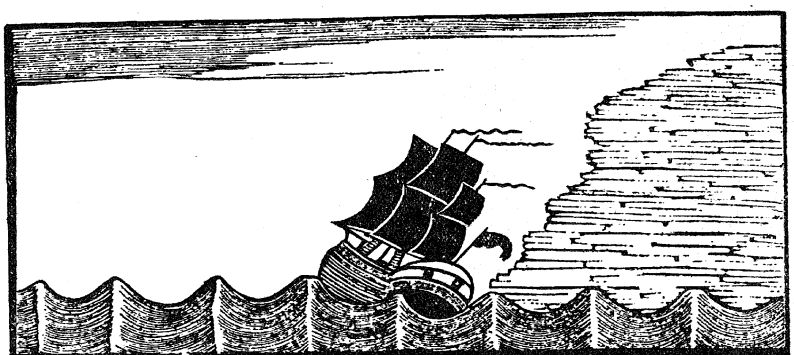
the city of London, and the Thames with the shipping of almost all nations.—The royal observatory commands a most delightful prospect—charming indeed beyond description.

Having spent our limited time in amusing ourselves with the curiosities of the place, we marched on to Chatham barracks, the finest garrison in old England. Chatham is the principal station of the royal navy and the yards and magazines are furnished with all sorts of naval stores, as well as materials for building the largest ships of war. Here are at least 1000 ship carpenters working every day.—They work twelve hours in the day, i. e. from 6 o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. Every thing here is conducted with the utmost regularity. We were now in barrack-quarters, 16 or 20 privates in a room, with a sergeant to keep good order, and purchase provisions, and see it divided, when cooked and prepared according to the laws of the place. Four pence a day, for each private soldier, are laid out for provisions at market; a half-penny to the doctor, the same to the chaplain and a penny for cloathing: the whole pay of a soldier being six pence per day, with the queen's bounty of nineteen shillings a year, and a complete suit of clothes, consisting of 1 hat, 1 vest, 1 pair of breeches, 1 shirt, 1 pair of shoes, 1 pair of stockings and 1 stock and stock buckle.

While we lay at Chatham, we were constantly exercising and learning the military evolutions under corporal Coggell; whose experience and skill in such matters were equalled by few in the army.

There were nineteen in number of the 33d regiment, who after only six months practice, challenged the whole garrison to contend with them in military discipline. The garrison then conlisted of 80 additional companies, besides the first regiment of the Royal Scotch, (as they were called) who had been in practice for many years. A review of clothing was then and probably is yet in practice every Monday morning: each soldier marching on the parade, with his knap sack on his back, and his firelock and accoutrements in complete order:—drums beating and colours flying; and to crown the whole an instrument called *the cat and nine tails* tipt with brass wire was constantly displayed. The review being ended, if any cloathing is missing, a circle is formed, and a drum-head court martial is called and the delinquent is tried and punished according to his desert.

After lying in Chatham barracks almost a year, a draught was made, and four hundred of us deluded out under the pretence of doing duty in Portsmouth. The next morning a sergeant was dispatched to prepare the barracks, as we supposed,for our reception. We accordingly marched on to Portsmouth in good spirits, hoping to spend a few happy years in that place. But how great was our disappointment when we arrived at Portsmouth, and found the streets lined with old pensioners to guard us safe on board a ship! The boats were ready to convey us all on board of the ship *None-such*, which then lay at anchor in the port.—The cries and lamentations of the



The Ship NONE-SUCH, in Distress, on the Coast of Sicily.

poor raw country soldiers were sufficient to have excited compassion in the breast of the rudest barbarian; and, as for myself, I thought I was going to the Devil, when they rolled us down the hatchways, like so much lumber. Having each received some bedding, and an allowance of provisions, we lay promiscuously, and crouded together in the utmost confusion.—The next day we weighed anchor and sailed for the Isle of Wight, where we lay four weeks; after which we set sail for Ireland, favoured at first with a pleasant breeze; but we had not been sailing more than twelve hours, before we were surprised with a thunder storm and a contrary wind. It was, I think, about eleven o'clock at night, when a man on the forecastle espied a rock, close ahead of the ship; upon which he immediately called out to the steersman at the helm, "*about ship;*" which was done with all possible speed and so by the skill and dexterity of the mariners & the mercy of Providence, we were preserved from being wrecked on the rocks of Scilly. Thus extricated from danger, we proceeded on our voyage and soon anchored in the harbour called the *Cove of Cork*, which is perhaps the most spacious and commodious haven in the world. The entrance is safe, and the whole navy of England might ride in it, secure from every wind that blows. Ships from England, bound for all parts of the West-Indies, take in here a great part of their provisions; and for the same purpose the Cove of Cork is visited by the vessels of many other nations. Ships of burthen, however, are obliged to unload at a place called

Passage, five miles and a half from the city, the channel not admitting vessels of above 150 tons.—This port we entered in the beginning of February 1778, and were all separated and put on board of different vessels. It fell to my lot to go on board the Alexandria of 24 guns;—and she was called "a letter of marque," There were 19 Englishmen, & 6 Irishmen who were brought on board in irons, and 24 Hessians, making in all 49 in number, to do duty as marines. Our ship's crew consisted of 60 able bodied seamen, besides officers, one captain, 1st, 2d and 3d mates, one boatswain, one carpenter and a cook and cook's mate. A fleet of transports then lay in the Cove of Kinsale repairing their rigging, and embarking provisions for America. Kinsale, especially in time of war, is a place of much business, and frequented by rich homeward bound fleets, as also by ships of war. The Cove is a convenient and beautiful harbour, and lies about seven miles from the city of Cork. The town is defended by a strong fort called *Charles's Fort;* and on the opposite shore there are two villages, called *Cove* and *Scilly:* the inhabitants of which are generally native Irish, and live in low built houses made of mud, on a beautiful eminence, ranging with the barracks, and facing the inlet of the harbour. The barracks are capable of containing and lodging 12 companies of foot, besides a regiment at Charles's Fort. The garrison, however, then consisted of only four companies, with 16 or 20 pieces of cannon; and deemed sufficient to protect the town and harbour.

We lay eight weeks on board before we were ready to sail; during which time we were visited by the bomb ketches, in order to sell and buy all sorts of necessaries; for we had no liberty to go on shore, except two men at a time. We weighed anchor April 7th in company with upwards of twenty transports, (besides two letters of marque) laden with provisions, as well as men to assist in carrying on the unjust and unhappy war against the American colonies. We met with nothing extraordinary during the voyage; only we were blown off our coast on the roads of certain islands, which I think belonged to Portugal, where we got in exchange for such necessaries as we could spare, oranges, cocoa-nuts and pine-apples. Continuing our voyage from thence, we arrived safely in America, and landed on Rhode-Island, in the space of three months from the time of our setting sail from the coast of Ireland. We remained in Rhode-Island doing duty, while the British army were on their march from Philadelphia.

I joined the 33d regiment on Long-Island, at Graves-end; and then we marched to Bedford, where we lay until the beginning of autumn, when a detachment was called out, to perform as we supposed, some great exploit. This detachment consisted of the 33d and 42d regiments, with two companies of the body guards, commanded by the colonels, Webster and Frazer. We went on board the flat bottomed boats, just as it began to grow dark, and pursued our expedition, and landed on the beach about four

miles from Elizabethtown point, with our pilot or guide, as we thought.—We had marched about a mile through the marsh, before we discovered the trick;—our pilot had left us in the snare; some times up to the middle in mud and water; some times over head and ears in the ditches, crawling one over another, in the greatest confusion. At length with much difficulty we made our appearance near Elizabethtown, just at day break, in woful pickle, all bedaubed with mud and mire, as black as chimney-sweepers; we looked more like frightening the people out of the town, than making them run for fear of the sword or bayonet. In this plight we advanced up to the town and took it; and as a further instance of British inhumanity, the barracks were set on fire and burnt down with about ten or twelve poor sick soldiers in them. This being the day the continental troops were to draw their provisions, the English officers called on the bakers for their bread, but the bakers very boldly answered: "This bread is for gentlemen and not for you d___d bloody backs."—Bread was therefore taken by force.

We then marched on to form a line between the river & the town, leaving two companies for a rear guard; but the Americans being reinforced with about 4000 troops, got between us and the river: now who dare say that the English never turned their backs, or fled from an enemy?—Colonel Webster was, it is true, for charging on the enemy, but colonel Frazer, who was the oldest officer, and had the command, gave orders to face to the right, and make the best of our way

to the boats. That moment the enemy fired with their artillery, and killed two men of captain Campbell's company, of the 33d regiment, whose names were *Proctor* and *Keith*; and according to our colonel's account these men *died in glory*. Pursuant therefore to our orders, we took to our heels, and made our way to the boats in the utmost disorder. The bakers of Elizabethtown had now the satisfaction of seeing the English scattering and leaving behind them, the bread which they had forcibly taken away at the point of the bayonet. On this occasion we had two killed, as already mentioned, two wounded, and five taken prisoners; besides a considerable number wounded, as we made our escape down the East river. We hurried down with all possible speed, landed at Brooklin ferry opposite to New-York, and proceeded on to Bedford and lay there for some time. Not long after, an army was called forth to go on an expedition up the East river. We all embarked, and sailed some distance above New Bedford, where we landed, marched to the town, plundered and burned it, with all the shipping in the harbour. Such predatory excursions, of which this is but a small specimen, reflect dishonour on the British name, and consign the reputation of the British officers who conducted them to eternal infamy. The next day we marched into the country without opposition, except from a few of the militia who brought on a skirmish; but they were soon dispersed, & we proceeded on our march without further interruption. In this excursion, among other plunder, we took a store of molasses, the

hogsheads being rolled out and their heads knocked in, a soldier's wife went to dip her camp-kettle in a hogshead of molasses and while she was stooping in order to fill her kettle, a soldier slipped behind her and threw her into the hogshead: when she was hauled out, a bystander threw a parcel of feathers on her, which adhering to the molasses, made her appear frightful enough.—This little circumstance afforded us a good deal of amusement. We then returned to our ships, well satisfied with our booty, and soon arrived at our former quarters on Long-Island.

A few months after this, a most inhuman massacre took place near Tapaan in New-Jersey.—A farmer and his son living near each other, it happened that a small regiment of light horse, (raised a short time before in Virginia, and known by the name of Lady Washington's regiment), quartered at their houses and barns in number about 300: the son being a true born American, and the father a detestable tory; the latter went to New-York and gave information of those unhappy soldiers, and offered to lead us to the place where they lay. Accordingly general Gray undertook the barbarous task; and ordered out 10,000 troops, marching them one half to the right, and the other to the left, with this hard-hearted tory, and one of his associates to pilot us to the unhappy spot, where the shocking scene commenced. When the advanced guard came up to the yard-gate, the centry was asleep, one of the officers of the grenadiers instantly cut off his head, without a word. The 33d regiment, to which I belonged, was about

three miles off when the cruel carnage began; but as we approached, the shrieks and screams of the hapless victims whom our savage fellow soldiers were butchering, were sufficient to have melted into compassion the heart of a Turk or a Tartar.—Tongue cannot tell nor pen unfold the horrors of that dismal night.—Some were seen having their arms cut off, and others with their bowels hanging out crying for mercy.—To preserve, however, some appearance of clemency, 43 were admitted prisoners of war; seven of the whole regiment being out reconnoitering, escaped; the killed and wounded amounted to 250.—How destitute of natural affection must have been the heart of the father, who could invite an enemy to murder his own son in cold blood! and how contrary to the principles of honor it was in the enemy to accept such an invitation! Let Britain boast no more of her honour, her science and civilization; but with shame hide her head in the dust; her fame is gone; Tappaan will witness against her.—Having performed this *ig*noble exploit, the few prisoners that were spared being conducted to New-York by a guard of British soldiers, and the wounded sent off in waggons, we returnded to Long-Island to be ready for another scene of British barbarity.

CHAP. II.

Stony Point surprised by the Americans.—Expedition under Sir Henry Clinton against Charleston in South-Carolina.—Some account of the voyage, &c.—A number of interesting particulars relating to several engagements between the English and Americans.

IN 1779 we marched up the North river to Verplank's Neck, commonly called the *King's ferry*. There was a bomb-roofed block-house in the fort, which mounted two six pounders opposite to Stony Point. The fort at Verplanks stood on the east side of the river, where were stationed the 33d regiment, colonel Robertson's corps, colonel Fannen's corps, and major Ferguson's rifle company, making in all about 700 rank and file, able bodied fighting men, commanded by lieutenant colonel Webster. We formed a block-house one mile from the old fort, on a piece of rising ground.—This block-house mounted 2 three pounders, and was well set with pickets, and commanded by one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, two sergeants, four corporals, with a drummer and fifer, and fifty private soldiers, with a picket 100 yards in front, the guard consisting of one sergeant, one corporal, and twelve privates, forming a line of four centinels. When this was completed, a range of bat-

teries was erected, with two block-houses, one on the right, and the other on the left side of the batteries, so as to command both the land and the river. These works mounted six 6 pounders, and one long 18 pounder, with a great number of swivels. There was a deep ditch in front of the works with three rows of abbatis, 40 yards apart, and three large piles of tar-barrels between the rows of abbatis, where stood a man with a slow match ready to set fire at the approach of the enemy. During the building of these fortifications, the regulation was, one half on duty, and the other on fatigue. While we continued there, which was nearly four months, we generally lay at night with our accoutrements on, and with our firelocks in our arms.

Stony-Point was a strong post on the west side of the river, nearly opposite to Verplanks. The works had been completed and repaired with the utmost assiduity; so that they were now in a very strong state of defence, and were garrisoned by the 17th regiment of foot, one company of the 71st regiment of granadiers, and a part of Fannan's corps; the whole being commanded by lieutenant colonel Johnson.—General Wayne paid a visit to Stony-Point, on the 15th of July about 12 o'clock at night; and first from the picket a running fire was heard, which occasioned some alarm. A general silence followed for some time, during which the American officers held a council; and the English soldiers were dismissed to their tents. But woe to the simple commander of Stony-Point! When that undaunted hero general Wayne tickled their ears with "Remem-

ber the Paola and the massacre of Lady Washington's light horse at the Tapaan." The granadiers, in particular, of the 71st regiment made for a while a gallant defence; but neither the formidable rows of abbatis, nor the strong works in front and flank could damp the ardour of the American troops, who, in the face of an incessant and tremendous fire of musquetry, and cannon loaded with grape shot, broke their way through every obstacle, until the van of each column met in the centre of the fortress, and obliged the surviving part of the garrison, amounting to upwards of 500 men, to surrender themselves prisoners at discretion.—But let us pass over to our side of the river at Verplanks—there you will not find *a colonel Johnson*, lying snug in his tent, as at Stony-Point; but you will find old colonel Webster, the Scotchman, ready cut and dry for you, when the action commenced at the opposite fort. Four men out of each company turned out for a reserved guard, to receive the enemy when they should come over the river, as we expected nothing else but to be engaged front and rear at once; for we soon found Stony-Point was taken, by their turning their artillery against us at Verplanks, and commencing a dreadful cannonade, which necessarily obliged the shipping that lay in the river, to cut their cables and sail down. But the Yankey army lay in our front eating molasses instead of attacking us.—Two or three days after this, the Americans commenced the evacuation of Stony-Point, by destroying the works dismounting the cannon, and removing their military stores, and

prisoners of war. Among the number of small vessels that came to carry off the booty, was a row-galley laden with cannon and other stores, on our side of the river. Against this galley we directed our artillery, and poured in a volley of grape and chain shot, which obliged the officers on board to desist from loading any farther, and finding it impracticable to save the vessel, they spiked their cannon, and set fire to the galley which having burned to the water, sunk with her cargo to the bottom.—The balance of the military stores were conveyed to West-Point; and the troops withdrawn.—In ten days we also evacuated our fortress at Verplanks, and withdrew our troops to New-York. We lay that winter at a place called the *Narrows* on Long Island until Christmas day, when an expedition was undertaken by Sir Henry Clinton, and admiral Aubuthnot, against Charleston in South Carolina; as the conquest of the southern colonies was now meditated and considered as practicable. Our shipping lay on East-river with the troops on board until the breaking up of the ice, when serveral regiments were in the most imminent danger of being lost, particularly the 42d, who were driven ashore with eight or ten ships, great and small. It was some time in the spring before we could proceed in our voyage, being prevented by rough seas and tempestuous weather. We set sail in very low spirits—our prospects were gloomy indeed—the very elements seemed to conspire against us, and threaten us with destruction. The distance between New-York and Charleston is commonly

sailed in *two* weeks; but we were *eight* weeks on the passage. The ship in which I was, being accidentally separated from the fleet in a storm, we were all in danger of being lost. The tempest blew with violence for about six hours.—We had 400 soldiers on board, and by the heaving and rolling of the ship, all the beds in which we lay broke lose from the sides of the vessel to which they were fastened; and the ship was so agitated by the wind and waves, that she changed her position, so that her gunnels ran under water, and the guns on the same side broke loose on the quarter deck. The storm, however, having somewhat abated, we refreshed ourselves, and cheered our hearts with a good can of grog, and pursued our voyage, hoping the worst was over and that we should soon get in sight of the fleet.—But alas! all our pleasing expectations were frustrated; for after sailing a considerable time, we lost all hopes of ever coming up with the fleet. A quarrel took place between some of the land and sea-officers, and a fight ensued in which the fire fell into the steerage and communicated into the hold, from which the smoke was immediately perceived to issue in curling volumes, so that we expected every moment to be blown up. In this critical & perilous situation the cries of the women & children were truly distressing: & to render our danger still greater, we were again assailed with a violent squall: the waves rose like mountains, and threatened to overwhelm us: the ocean seemed to open its bosom to receive us: the swelling surges broke in upon us, until we

had five feet water in the hold; our pumps were choked, and for a while refused to perform their office.—Our condition was desperate.—But it pleased God to prolong our existence:—the fire was extinguished; and by repeated attempts and strenuous exertions, we at length brought the pumps to work; the tempest ceased and we continued our voyage, still hoping to come up with the fleet.—Many a tedious hour did I sit on the foretop, eagerly casting my eyes around to see if I could any where descry a sail.

At length the wished for moment arrived; we espied our fleet and soon joined it with joyful acclamations. The signal was given for the different captains to go on board of the Convoy, and a general invitation was given on board of the admiral's ship, where a concert of music was held, and the soldiers and sailors got a double allowance of rum to banish sorrow, and exhilerate their spirits. We soon came in sight of land, and took possession of St. John's Island near Charleston: 5,000 men were sent forward to erect a right and left hand battery of 24 guns each. This was accomplished the first night; and a centre battery the second night. An entrenchment was likewise dug in such a direction, as to have a communication from right to left; during which operation, we were played on by the batteries in the front of the town, by a well directed fire of grape, round and chain shot, with a great number of bomb-shells.—There was one line of batteries after another until we came close to the canal; so that I have stood centinel many a time on one side of the canal, while the American

centinel was directly opposite to me on the other side.—Though the offensive operations of the seige were conducted with great spirit and success; yet the town had still kept up a communication with the country on the farther side of Cooper's river, and some bodies of militia, cavalry and infantry began to assemble on the higher parts of that river, who, by keeping possession of the bridges might, at least, by cutting off supplies, and molesting our foraging parties, have considerably retarded and disturbed the operations of our army. To dislodge these troops, our general, as soon as his situation would permit, detached the 33d and 23d regiments and Tarleton's light horse, in all about 1400 men, under the command of lieutenant colonel Webster.—We came on the enemy by surprise in the night, at Monk's corner, and bloody work we had: being however victorious, we succeeded in our object of effectually stopping up the pass.

We remained at Monk's corner until the capitulation of general Lincoln; after which we marched for Camden under the command of general Cornwallis and lord Rawdon, with 1500 effective infantry and 150 cavalry. When we arrived at Camden, a detachment was ordered to Ninety-six; but it fell to my lot to continue at Camden, where I fell sick for the first and last time, that is, with common sickness; for I have been often times indisposed with the bottle-fever, and by wounds, bruises and broken bones, and such like accidents.

While we continued at Camden we fared

pretty well; only general Gates advanced to disturb our repose; and having encamped at a place called *Ruggles*, about thirteen miles from Camden, he sent us word that "he would eat his dinner in Camden, or in hell, the next day." His force was vastly superior to ours, at least in numbers, being computed at 5000 or 6000 men; the greater number, however of these consisted of militia, on whom little dependence could be placed.

Having received intelligence that general Gates had encamped in a bad situation, Lord Cornwallis, mustered his troops, and harangued them in words nearly to this effect: "Now, my brave soldiers, now an opportunity is offered for displaying your valour, and sustaining the glory of the British arms;—all you who are willing to face your enemies;—all you who are ambitious of military fame stand forward; for there are eight or ten to one coming against:—Let the man who cannot bear the smell gun-powder stand back, and all you who are determined to conquer or die turn out." Accordingly we all turned out except a few who were left to guard the sick and military stores. We marched out of Camden about ten o'clock at night, August 15th, 1780; it being the intention of our general to surprise the enemy in their quarters at Ruggles; but in this he was disappointed, for general Gates had set out about the same hour, in hopes to surprise us at Camden. We came up with their advanced party, about seven miles from Camden, when the light troops and advanced guards on each side, necessarily engaged each other in

the dark. In this blind encounter, the American cavalry being driven back on the van, occasioned some disorder in their ranks; and having thus repelled them, we were eager for a general engagement; but Lord Cornwallis finding that the enemy were on bad ground, was unwilling to hazard in the dark, the advantages which their situation would afford him in the light. We then lay on our arms until day break, when both armies formed their lines, and approached within 100 yards of each other, and the Americans gave the first fire, which killed and wounded nearly one half of our number. We returned the fire, and immediately charged on them with the bayonet. The action became general along the lines, and was supported with great obstinacy. The haziness of the morning prevented the ascent of the smoke, which occasioned such a thick cloud, that it was difficult to observe the effects of a well supported fire on both sides. It was discoverable, however, that the British troops were pushing forward, and the Americans giving way; and after an obstinate resistance, for about three quarters of an hour, the latter were thrown into confusion. We then opened to the right & left and let Tarleton's light horse pass through.—Victory declared in our favour—We took 900 prisoners and more are said to have been killed and wounded; but the precise number was probably never ascertained. All their artillery amounting to ten or eleven brass field pieces, with about 2000 stands of arms, 6 stands of colours and all their baggage-waggons, to the number of 150 fell into our

hands.—The whole body of the militia (which constituted, as I before observed, much the greater part of general Gate's force) with the exception of only one North-Carolina regiment, took to their heels the first fire, and though their general did all in his power to rally them, he could not persuade them to make a single stand, and so getting to the woods as fast as they could, they totally dispersed, leaving the continental regular troops to oppose the whole force of the British army. The continental troops indeed made a gallant stand, and merited the highest encomiums. It was a hard fought battle, and the victory not very cheaply purchased on the side of the British; for even in one regiment (the 33d to which I belonged) not less than 116 out of 240 were killed and wounded. The whole loss may be esteemed at between 300 and 400 killed, wounded and missing; and among these were several brave officers.

Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton who had distinguished himself in this battle, was detached the next day with his cavalry, and the light infantry of the 23d regiment, called the *English Fusiliers*, in pursuit of general Sumpter, who had retreated with a body of Americans and some pieces of cannon. General Sumpter, it seems, confiding in his distance from the enemy, was surprised in the middle of the day on the 18th of August, as his men were engaged in getting peaches in an orchard not far from the Catawba Fords. Sumpter himself having taken a number of tories, with a hogshead of rum and some provisions which they were carrying to the English

army, was employed in dealing out the liquor, and was generous enough to give a gill to each prisoner, when Tarleton came on him, killed 150 of his men, and took 300 of them prisoners, with two pieces of cannon, and several waggons. The prisoners were conducted to Camden, and there treated with civility, and from thence they were sent off to Charleston, under a guard of mounted infantry; but several of them were rescued by their countrymen before they could be carried to Charleston.

We lay in Camden until our wounded recovered, and then we marched on to Salisbury in North-Carolina, in close pursuit of the enemy, who had abandoned the town, leaving only a few sick tories in jail, to die for want of water; and all the provisions they had were a few pounds of salt beef.—We were detained a few days in Salisbury in order to procure some provisions. Had it not been for this delay, we might probably have overtaken general Morgan, and retaliated upon him for Tarleton's defeat, and rescued the prisoners taken at the *Cowpens*.—This action in which the English were entirely routed, happened but a few weeks before; and for the bravery of the Americans, and the address of their general merits a particular relation.

In order to prevent the Americans under general Morgan from taking possession of the valuable district of Ninety-six, Lord Cornwallis, detached lieut. col. Tarleton with 300 cavalry, 300 light infantry, the 7th regiment, the first battalion of the 71st regiment, and 2 three-pounders. This force his Lordship thought suf-

ficient to oppose the progress of Morgan; having full confidence in the success of Tarleton, who had so highly distinguished himself in former engagements. The British troops came up with the Americans on the 18th of January 1781, at a place called the *Cowpens*, near Pacolet-river. General Morgan boldly stood on his defence, and drew up his troops with great judgment. The militia (composing about two thirds of his force) were drawn up in a line on the edge of a wood, and exposed to open view; but the second line consisting of the continental and Virginia troops, were out of sight in the wood itself, where they were drawn up in excellent order, and ready for action.

The British, besides their field-pieces, had the advantage of five to four in the infantry, and of more than three to one in cavalry. The attack was begun by the first line of infantry composed of the 7th regiment, and a body of light infantry, with a troop of light horse placed on each flank. The first battalion of the 71st regiment and the remainder of the light horse formed the reserve.— The American militia constituting the first line (as we said before) were unable to resist the assault, and immediately gave way; upon which the royal troops supposing the victory already gained, ardently pursued, and were thereby thrown into some disorder. Upon this the second line of the Americans, having opened to the right & left, to afford a passage to the fugitives, as well as to inclose their pursuers, as soon as they perceived the king's troops far enough advanced, poured in a close and deadly fire on both sides.

The ground was instantly covered with the bodies of the killed and wounded, and a total rout ensued. Not less than 400 of the British infantry were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. The loss of the cavalry was not so much; but the colours of the 7th regiment, with the two field pieces fell into the hands of the Americans, & all the detachment of royal artillery were killed in defending their standard.

In this engagement colonel Washington, who commanded a small detachment of American cavalry, had an opportunity of displaying his personal valour in a combat with colonel Tarleton, in which he cut off two of Tarleton's fingers & would have cut off his head, had it not been for his stock-buckle, which deadened the force of the stroke, and saved the life of the British officer. They were both undoubtedly brave men, so that it remains a doubt with me to this day which of the two was the better soldier, when I consider that Washington was fighting for a good cause, and Tarleton for a bad one. However be that as it may, colonel Washington, I believe, to this day (if he be alive) carries a mark on two of his fingers, which he received in his encounter with colonel Tarleton.

But on this occasion, colonel Tarleton was glad to make his escape with the small remains of his army. This defeat was very mortifying to Lord Cornwallis; and I myself was an eye witness when at the first interview between him and Tarleton, the account of the disaster brought tears from Cornwallis's eyes; lamenting, no doubt, the loss of so many brave soldiers.

The Cowpen prisoners were pushed off towards Winchester in Virginia, and we pursued in hopes of overtaking Morgan before he crossed the Yadkin river, a few miles from Salisbury; but in this we were deceived, as we had been before in several of our bad undertakings. We then returned back some distance, and took a rout by the Moravian towns, and encamped one night on a rising ground contiguous to one of these towns, the inhabitants of which were very generous in rolling out their whiskey-barrels to make us drunk. The Moravians were always suspected of being tories, but on this occasion, we had reason to think differently, by their liberality in furnishing us so abundantly with spiritous liquors, as all the world knows that a soldier's chief delight is in drinking. And, I believe, they would have succeeded in their insidious design, had the Americans been vigilant; for it is my candid opinion, that there were not fifty sober men among us; for it was a very rainy night, and we had suffered much for want of drink, as well as through fatigue.

But we fortunately escaped being discovered, and lay there secure for some time.—We next directed our march towards Charlotte, and coming within two miles of the town, the enemy formed a line of battle; but we advanced on them, and they retreated; and a running fight ensued until we came to the town, where they made a stand for a while; but we rushed on them with the bayonet, and they again retreated. We pursued them for about 7 miles; but they were too swift on foot for us; so finding we could not

come up with them, we returned back to Charlotte. The next day a guard was sent to Rigley's mills, in order to do duty there and I turned baker for the guard, [*and a little for myself.*] We continued there for some time—but now comes the trouble—the enemy got a reinforcement of 3000, or 4000 men, and we had to run back faster than we came. We made our retreat like lost sheep, not knowing where to go—no forage—no provisions for our men, though marching day and night. At this time I saw an English guinea offered for a bit of corn-bread, not larger than my two fingers.—Hard times with us indeed—16 days without a morsel of bread. In this starving condition we made our retreat to Wynnesborough, 40 miles from Camden, where we fixed our winter quarters, and sent to Camden for provisions which were soon brought us by water, and then we fared sumptuously; being plentifully supplied with all sorts of provisions, and having our back rations paid up.

In relating the various incidents of my life, I should deem myself guilty of an unpardonable omission, were I to pass on without mentioning the circumstance of a fist-fight, which I had while we were quartered at Wynnesborough and the first that I ever had since I came to the years of discretion.

There was a certain Bill Airton, a butcher, who was a mess-mate of mine, and had often endeavoured to provoke me to a fight; but as I always considered him a stouter man than myself, and being besides unacquainted with the art of boxing, (as it is called) I had constantly

declined his invitations, and endeavoured to keep clear of all private quarrels. It happened, however, one day, when myself and several of my companions had made a fire before our wigwam, that Mr. Airton, who had been absent while the fuel was gathering, came up to the fire, and in a very abrubt manner, says to me, "Shaw, d——n you stand back, you have no right here; d——n you stand back."—Giving me at the same time such a blow in the eye, as made my head sing psalms for some time. The sergeant then coming up, and understanding the circumstance, says "Shaw you must fight and whip him, or else I will whip you." So we buckled to it in our buff; and having a good second helped the cause very much on my side; for a good officer makes a good soldier. Inspired with confidence through the encouragement of the sergeant, I soon gave Mr. Airton an Irishman's coat of arms, i. e. "*two black eyes and a bloody nose*," which made him a good friend ever after.

Poor John and the butcher then stript to their buffs,
Fell to work and engaged in what's call'd fisticuffs;
And so the big butcher that would be a brawling
And picking a quarrel, at last got a mauling.

CHAP. III.

The author is taken prisoner by the Americans.—His treatment.—Account of the battle of Guilford.—He endeavours to escape from confinement; but is discovered and prevented.—Forms a second plot for eloping, and succeeds.—Stays some time with one of the Moravian brethren, by whose advice he returns to his captivity.—An account of a frolic which he had in company with some of Burgoine's men.—The centry gets drunk, and lets them escape.—They disperse in different directions.—The author goes to work in the country.—Enlists some time after in the American army.—Gets married, &c.

IT was early in the spring before we set out; and then we took our rout to Hillsborough, where we set up the royal standard; and our general by a proclamation invited all loyal subjects to repair to it, and assist in restoring order and government. But though we had been led to believe, that the king had many friends in that part of the country; yet the event did not answer our expectations. The royalists were but few, and most of them too timid to join the king's standard. A party of them, indeed, under the command of a certain colonel Pyle, had set out with a view of joining us at Hillsborough; but they

were accidentally met by a detachment from the American army, and most of them cut off.

We staid at Hillsborough about a week, and all got completely shod.—We left town in the night, and made a movement towards the Haw river, marching by the way of the Rocky Ford.—We came up with the enemy by the river side, and having formed a line, we changed a few shots, and then advanced to give them the bayonet; but they retreated and crossed the river, and then we had a standing fight: and though we had orders not to cross the river, yet the front line consisting of the 33d, 23d, and 71st regiments, the Irish volunteers, and the Yagers, under Lord Rawdon, would not be stopped by any thing. So we crossed the Rocky Ford, and hot work we had; but we beat them off and formed a line on the same side of the river which they had occupied, and soon put them to flight, and pursued them for 14 miles, until we lost sight of them. We then directed our march towards Guildford court-house and halted about three or four miles from town. At this time the scarcity of provisions was so great that we had but one pound of flour for six men per day with very little beef, and no salt the half of the time.

With this allowance my mess-mates and I made two meals a day, which we managed by first boiling our beef, and then taking it out, and having mixed our pound of flour with some water, we put it into the kettle in which the beef had been boiled; and when sufficiently heated we took it off the fire, and let it stand until it cooled. This served us for breakfast, and the beef we

kept for dinner; and as for supper we were obliged to do without it.

On one occasion, the officers having by some means neglected to put out centinels on guard for three hours together, impelled by hunger we took the blessed opportunity of going out in search of something to satisfy our craving appetite. A soldier of the 23d regiment, by the name of Tattesdell, and myself made a push for the country.—We had not gone above a mile before we came to a house in hopes to get something to eat; but the house was already full of soldiers upon the same business; and I heard the woman of the house crying, "I will go and tell your officers." Upon hearing these words my comrade and I proceeded forward about three or four miles, until we came to a fine open plantation, and an elegant framed house belonging to a major Bell of the American army. So we entered the house, where we found, an old lady and her two daughters—we saluted them with as much politeness as our awkward manners would admit of; and the old lady very civilly asked us to sit down.—We soon told her our business, that we wanted some flour; upon which she immediately filled our knapsacks, and invited us to stay 'till something could be made ready, which invitation we readily accepted; and I very well remember that I got some of the best Jonny-cake I ever ate in my life. While we were partaking of the delicious repast, for to us it was truly delicious, a conversation arose———

Says the old lady, "Now if you will go with what you have gotten, and join our boys, I will

give you my two daughters, and a complete suit of clothes a piece." But we argued "the bad consequence of desertion, that it was death by the laws of war, and that even if we could bring ourselves to act so dishonourable a part as to desert our colours, yet death by shooting or hanging was a thing not much to be desired."—But by the bye, I must inform the reader, that for my part, if I could have entertained the smallest hopes of succeeding in gaining the affections of either of the young ladies, so lovely were they in my eyes, that I would cheerfully have hazarded my life and taken the old lady at her word; for I thought them the most beautiful creatures my eyes ever beheld. But as such good fortune was not to be expected, and we had no time to delay, my comrade and I, after we had finished our meal, took our leave of the old lady, thanking her for her charity, and immediately departed.

Scarcely had we gone half way up the lane, when seven of Lee's light horse made their appearance: my companion swore there was Tarleton's light horse coming, and, says he, "we shall be taken up on suspicion of plundering, and get 500 lashes a piece." "No;" said I, upon observing their brown coats, and white cockades, "no, friend, you are deceived; these must be the rebels." Having therefore discovered his mistake, he began to cry;—but for my part, I thought it very good fortune.—As they were advancing towards us, we concluded to go and meet them; which we accordingly did, and falling on our knees begged for quarter; which they

granted us and said, "come on, we will give you good quarters;" and so on we went past the house that had betrayed us———it was fine fun for the old lady to see how handsomely she had tricked us.—They brought us on a short distance beyond major Bell's, and there were Washington's and Lee's light horse, and Morgan's riflemen.—These officers examined us as to the strength of Cornwallis's army, and sent us under guard to general Green's encampment; and while the guard were conductirg us thither, they suffered one of Morgan's subaltern officers to strip us; against which conduct we remonstrated, by observing that no British officer would permit a continental soldier to be stripped while a prisoner of war.—But we were obliged to submit; for the officer drew his sword and swore, if we did not comply, he would run us through. So they took our clothes, not leaving us even our leggings or shoes; and God knows, they wanted them badly; for such ragged mortals I never saw in my life before, to pass under the character of soldiers. We were then brought to the camp, on the 11th day of March 1781, and after being re-examined by general Green, we were sent to the provost, where we found about thirty fellow-prisoners who had been taken on straggling parties. From thence we were sent to Hallifax court house, where we remained until after the battle of Guildford; which took place the 15th day of March, and was one of the hardest fought battles that ever happened in America.—And as a brief description of this memorable action may not perhaps be unacceptable to some of my

young readers, I shall present them with an abstract of the most remarkable facts and circumstances, from the best information I could obtain, and with as much impartiality as possible.

On the morning of the 15th of March, Lord Cornwallis marched with all his forces, consisting of 5000 or 6000 men, with a view either to meet the Americans under general Green, or to attack them in their encampment. A few miles from Guildford, the advanced guard under colonel Tarleton, fell in with colonel Lee's legion, and some militia, with whom he had a severe engagement, and was, at last, obliged to retreat.

The American army under general Green, was about equal to the British in number, and posted on a rising ground, about a mile and an half from Guildford court-house. The Americans were drawn up in three lines: the front line was composed of the two brigades of North-Carolina militia under the generals Butler and Eaton; the second line consisted of two brigades of Virginia militia commanded by the generals Stephens and Lawson; and the third line also of two brigades of continental or regular troops commanded by general Hugar, and colonel Williams. Colonel Washington, with the dragoons of the first and third regiments, a detachment of continental light infantry, and a regiment of riflemen under colonel Lynch, formed a separate body to cover the right flank; while colonel Lee, with his legion, a detachment of light infantry, and colonel Campbell's riflemen, formed a corps of observation for the security of the left flank.

The British commander disposed his troops in

the following order:—On the right the Hessian regiment of Bose, with the 71st regiment led on by general Leslie, and supported by the first battalion of guards. On the left were the 23d and 33d regiments, led on by colonel Webster, supported by the grenadiers and the 2d battalion of guards, commanded by general O'Hara. The German Yagers, and the light infantry of the guards remained in the woods on the left of the guns, and the cavalry under colonel Tarleton was drawn up in the road, ready to act as circumstances might require.

The action commenced by a dreadful cannonade about one o'clock in the afternoon.—The discharge of the artillery (which lasted about 20 minutes) having ceased the British troops advanced in three columns, and attacked the Carolina militia with great fury, and soon forced part of them to quit the field, but the Virginia militia gave them a warm reception, and kept up a heavy fire for a considerable time, till they also were beaten back, and the action became general almost every where.—The thickness of the woods rendered the British bayonets of little service, until the second battalion of the guards gained the clear ground near Guildford court house, and having found a corps of continental infantry drawn up in an open field on the left side of the road, attacked them with vigour, and defeated them, taking two six-pounders: but as they pursued the Americans into the woods, they were thrown, in their turn, into great confusion, by a heavy and well directed fire from the Amer-

icans, and furiously charged and driven back by colonel Washington's dragoons with the loss of the two six-pounders they had taken. But the American cavalry were again repulsed, and the two six pounders fell once more into the hands of the British. The victory for a while seemed doubtful but after several bloody conflicts, in which great bravery was displayed on both sides, the American general thought it prudent to order a retreat. Many of the militia dispersed through the woods; but the continental troops made a very orderly retreat. The British general remained master of the field, and consequently claimed the victory,—but it was a dear bought victory; for the loss on the side of the British, according to the account of Lord Cornwallis himself, was 532 killed,wounded and missing. Several of their bravest officers fell in the action, and amongst the rest my good old colonel Webster received a mortal wound—he was as gallant an officer as ever drew the sword—I served in his regiment five years and some months. General Green in the account he sent to congress stated the loss of the continental forces at 329 killed, wounded and missing; in which number however, the loss of the militia was not included; it amounts to upwards of 100.

In this battle a few prisoners were taken by the Americans, and sent forward to join us at Hallifax court-house: and in a short time we were all marched on to Winchester in Virginia, where we joined the Cowpen-prisoners, and were put into the barracks a few miles from the town, under a strong guard. Here we suffered much:

our houses had no covering to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather; and we were exposed to cold, hunger and want of clothing; and all manner of ill-treatment insult and abuse. Having thus for a considerable time (I cannot say with the patience of Job) endured many hardships, we formed a project for our escape, by means of one of the guard, who agreed for 3 half Joes, to conduct us to New-York. The time and mode of elopement being fixed upon, we parted with our uniform and put ourselves in disguise ready for the journey.—But when the appointed hour arrived, we found ourselves deceived by the fellow's wilful neglect, in fulfilling his promise, but what better could we expect from a tory and traitor:—He that would turn tory is worse than the Devil; for, be the Devil as bad as he may he is still said to be true to his party. So we had to continue in our confinement, and were now worse treated than ever; for we had parted with our uniform, and were considered as refugees. But some time in the summer, we were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's warning; and soon after a new guard was appointed to conduct us to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. The cruelty of this new guard exceeded any thing we had yet seen; their conduct was indeed shameful, and altogether incompatible with the profession of either soldiers or christians:—they drove us like so many bullocks to the slaughter.—Scarcely had we advanced three miles, before the captain broke his broad sword by cutting and slashing the prisoners, who were too much weakened by hunger, and former ill-treatment to keep up in

the march. The lieutenant, a snotty-nosed stripling, just from the chimney corner, came up, raging like a madman, with his small sword in his hand, and pushed it with such violence into the back of one of my fellow-prisoners, that he broke it in the wound, where it remained till one of his comrades pulled it out—Now such dastardly conduct towards poor prisoners of war, who had no weapon to defend themselves, was a disgrace even to chimney-corner officers. However, we marched along as well as we could, consoling ourselves with the hopes of being delivered one day or other from such cruel bondage. We came to a place where there was a mill turned by a stream, the source of which was not more than 100 yards above the mill:—here we expected to draw some provisions, but were sadly disappointed, as we had been three days without any, and through perfect weakness, I trembled like a patient in a severe fit of the ague. All we drew was but one ear of corn per man, and this was a sweet morsel to us:—we softened it in water, and grated it on the lid of our camp-kettle, and made bread of it. This we did until we came to Fredericktown barracks, where we drew provisions, and found the people more hospitable and kind; many of them having experienced the hardships and calamities of war: and at the same time they had several of their friends and relations, then prisoners with the English, and suffering much greater hardships than I ever experienced while prisoner with the Americans.—But it is natural for every man to think his own case the hardest; and though of ill usage I had my share, yet I en-

joyed the fresh air, while thousands of soldiers lay languishing and dying in loathsome prison-ships, stinking jails, and dark dungeons, deprived of the privilege of the fresh air, necessary to preserve health; and even excluded from the cheerful light of heaven, and having nothing for subsistence, but damaged provisions, such as even a wretch starving on the gibbet and ready to eat the flesh off his own body with hunger, might turn from with disgust. Such was the unhappy situation of those who were taken at Long-Island, Fort-Washington, Brandy-wine, Germantown, Monmouth, Camden, and several other places. Indeed the treatment of prisoners in general during the American war, was harsh, severe and in many instances, inhuman: except only with regard to those who were taken under a capitulation; for such were always treated well:—Burgoyne's and Cornwallis's men were treated like gentlemen, to my own certain knowledge, and why not the soldier who is taken prisoner in the field of action, or in any other way discharging his duty to his king or country?

We next arrived at Lancaster, where we had reason to expect good treatment, the inhabitants being in general remarkable for hospitality, and for contributing to the relief of objects of distress; yet such of us as had no trade or mechanical profession fared but indifferently.—While we were in Lancaster I became acquainted with a man in the army, belonging to the 44th regiment, whom I think proper to mention in this place on account of his piety. I had frequently observed him retiring into a secret place, which

at length awakened my curiosity to see what he was about;—I watched him, and found he went there to *pray:* he was remarkably reserved in all his conduct and conversation; was often alone, and seldom spoke, except when spoken to; and from his general deportment, I firmly believe, he was, what is truly a phenomenon in the army, a *conscientious christian.*—But this pious example had little influence on my conduct.—One day, I very well remember, I got a quarter of a dollar from a Mr. John Hoover, by dint of hard begging: I now fancied myself as rich as a king, and immediately sent for a loaf of bread and a pint of whiskey; with which I and my comrade regaled ourselves, and sung some merry songs: being for the time as happy as princes.

Not long after, before we left Lancaster, we concerted another scheme for our release, by undermining, from one of the cellars under the barrack-yard and stockades, about 100 yards, and coming out in the grave-yard,—conveying the dirt in our pockets, and depositing it in the necessary house, and other private places. The next thing was to seize the magazine which contained a large quantity of ammunition and firelocks, with which we intended to arm ourselves, and being joined by a strong party of tories, set fire to the town, and so proceed to form a junction with the English army. But our evil designs were entirely frustrated, by one of our own men belonging to the 71st regiment, of the name of *Burk*, who first made our plot known to the officer of the guard; and being conducted to General Wayne, who was then in Lancaster,

gave in all the names of the non-commissioned officers. The consequence of this was, that about 11 o'clock at night, general Wayne came to the barracks with a guard of militia, and called out those unhappy men, and marched them down to the jail, and put them in close confinement. And the commissary of prisoners, whose name was *Hobley*, ordered a ditch to be dug at the foot of the stockades, 7 or 8 feet deep, and filled with large stones, to prevent us from undermining; and had pieces of scantling spiked along the top and bottom of the stockades. The prisoners were employed to do the work, and they very cunningly cut the spikes in two, so as to go through the scantling and but slightly penetrated the stockades. These short spikes were put in at the bottom, in order that the stockade might swing when cut off under ground.

A day or two after this, when Mr. H. the commissary of prisoners came to call the roll, a man of Lord Rawdon's corps, whose name has slipped my memory, took the commissary aside, and offered to shew him all the private ways by which the prisoners went out and in. Accordingly he went round the stockades with the commissary, and made all the discovery he could. When all was done, and the fellow wanted to be discharged, Mr. H. called the prisoners together, and represented to them the bad policy of one prisoner turning traitor against the rest, and concluded with telling the fellow he ought to be hanged for acting so much like a scoundrel. We accordingly held a court-martial, and the fellow pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to receive

500 lashes, on his bare posteriors, well laid on with a broad leathern strap.

Soon after this, two of my fellow prisoners and myself laid a plan for our escape, which we effected in the following manner:—the night being appointed for the purpose, we procured a large knife, with which about two o'clock in the morning we had dug about two feet under ground, where, to our great joy, we found the stockade rotten,or at least considerably decayed: we cut away by turns, till the stockade swung by the upper spike; so the boldest fellow went formost, and the centry fired at the hindmost; but we all escaped to a rye field where we lay hidden for a while, and then made the best of our way to a friend's house, two miles from town, and found there 30 or 40 more lying in a barn.—Next morning each man taking his own road, I directed my course for the Moravian town (as it is called) 8 miles from Lancaster, and there I met with a friendly reception from a certain Joseph Willey, one of the Moravian society, a wool weaver by occupation, and a native of the town of Putsey in Yorkshire, old England. This man though a friend to individuals, particularly those from Yorkshire, was notwithstanding a true republican in principle, and as warm an advocate for the rights and liberties of America, as any man could be. He recommended me to the brethren of his society as a prisoner of war belonging to a christian nation, and an object of compassion, and prayed for their assistance; which they granted and furnished me with what I stood in need of: but not until they had exacted

a promise from me that I would return to my captivity, and wait with patience for the exchange of prisoners.—This promise I fulfilled, and accordingly returned to Lancaster barracks. And in a few days after my return, an officer of an additional company of the 33d regiment taken with general Burgoyne's troops, came to Lancaster, and an application was made for some money, and each man received five guineas: there were 16 of us in a room together making ourselves as happy as possible; and we were determined to have a general feast or frolic. Accordingly having laid in provisions of different sorts and procured a barrel of whiskey in the morning, I leave you to guess, my courteous reader, what an appearance we made by the middle of the day, when a pot-pie was proposed for dinner, and the preparation of it undertaken by a drunken old soldier, who, in making up the crust of the pie, used whiskey instead of water: the dough being made and rolled out, and put in the pot; the ingredients of the pie were added consisting of old rancid bacon, dried apples, onions and old chews of tobacco; and when sufficiently baked at the fire, the whole compound was next stewed in good old whiskey: and when ready, a general invitation was given to the neighbours to partake of this *delicate* repast; and we concluded the entertainment with a good bucket of whiskey, dancing with our shirts off while we were able to stand, and then we lay down promiscuously, and slept till morning.—Our frolic so much resembled the Irish feast, as

described by Dean Swift, that I cannot forbear transcribing a few lines from that poet:

"We danced in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with our stamping.
The floor was all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in our pumps.
Bless you late and early
Laughlin O' Enagin,
By my hand, you dance rarely
Margery Grinagin.
Bring straw for our bed
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.
To show I don't flinch
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
of your sneezing, *a yean.*—

Next morning myself and a certain M'Gowan, after taking a little more of the *usquebaugh*, determined to try our fortune; and accordingly made application for a pass for a few hours, and a sentry to go as a safe-guard to bring us back at the expiration of the limited time. Previously to this, we had made ourselves acquainted with a certain militia-man by the name of Everman, a tobacco spinner, who lived in Lancaster, and a notorious drunkard.—We called on him, and

he readily attended us to a certain Tom M'Honey's, who kept the sign of the white-horse in Donnegal street, near the barracks.———So now, Mr. Everman, what will you please to drink? What you please, gentlemen, said Mr. Everman. So a lusty bowl of punch was called for, and we all drank heartily together, until our sentry got drunk, and fell asleep on his guard.—We seized the favourable opportunity, and set out to push our fortune; and in order to avoid suspicion, we soon parted, and took different roads. I came to a farmer's house, and inquired for work:—the farmer very readily agreed to give me employment;—but "what," says he, "can you do?" I told him I was brought up a stuff-weaver. Can you weave worsted? says he. Yes, sir, said I. "Well then," said he, "if you will weave a piece of worsted I have on hands, and continue with me five weeks, I will teach you to be a linen-weaver." I consented, and fulfilled the contract, and he made me an indifferent linen-weaver. After that I parted with my new master, and went to live with one John Bostler, a Dutchman. The family consisted of the old man and his wife, and three daughters:—I was very much at a loss to understand their language, as none of them could speak English but the old man, who spoke it in a very broken manner. This circumstance was to me an insurmountable obstacle, as it prevented all conversation with the female part of the family; and to be candid I should have had no objection to pay my court to one of this Dutchman's daughters; for they were fine, hearty, industrious girls; but finding it imprac-

ticable, I left Mr. Bostler, and set out with a view of going to Coleman's furnace; but before I got there, I fell in with one William Cassel, who had a large stone building on hand, at the Cross-roads, leading to Lancaster, Stickle's tavern, Grub's forge and Hornet's tavern. Here was the second well I ever dug; it was 65 feet deep, and in digging we came to a cavern in the side of the well, in which we could have turned a waggon and team, at the depth of 26 feet, with some other curiosities too tedious to mention here. After the completion of this well, I went to work for Christopher Laby, a moneist by profession; and here was the first quarry I ever wrought in. After I had been at the quarrying business for some time, I had the misfortune to break three of my ribs.

To the Cross-roads there was a resort of all descriptions of men, from furnaces and forges; prisoners of war, and deserters both from the English and continental army; and men of diabolical principles and practices from almost all quarters, employed in card-playing, cock-fighting, horse-racing, billiard-playing, long-bullet-playing, fiddling and dancing, drinking and carousing, and almost every other wicked practice, no matter what day of the week, though the Sabbath was more frequently chosen for such exercises.—My head shews to this day the bad effects of such practices.—A party of us had agreed to go one Sunday morning to capt. Huston's (commonly called Hornet's) tavern, in order to drink bitters, and take a game at long-bullets close by the Dutch meeting-house. And

while the good people were at sermon, and praying to the Great Author of all things to turn our hearts from those evil ways, I was chosen to look out for the bullets, and on a sudden one of the bullets struck me on the head, and knocked me down, where I lay, to the great consternation of all, for some time before the company could tell what was best to be done with me. But at length some signs of life appearing, they removed me to the tavern in a very dangerous situation; for by this unlucky accident a fracture was made in my scull which so disturbed my brain, that ever after, if I drank spirituous liquors, a temporary phrenzy was produced, which caused me to conduct in a most extravagant and outrageous manner.

I was not the only person that received punishment for his immoral and irreligious practices; for many of my acquaintances fell victims to the same, and among the rest were Curtis Grub and Peter Grub; the former of whom in one of his frolics jumped into the furnace in full blast; and the latter by putting a pistol into his mouth blew out his brains.—These with several other instances of the ruinous effects of dissipation, and of keeping bad company, were, and perhaps justly, considered by the good people of the vicinity as a judgment from Heaven upon those wretches for their impiety.

As soon as I was able to work, I finished the job I had undertaken, and went to live with a certain Hugh H—gg—y, a few miles from Lancaster, with whom I took up my winter quarters. Mr. H— — was very much addicted to getting

drunk, and lying out in the woods, which made his wife very uneasy; but as good luck would have it, he had a dog that always accompanied his master, and when any misfortune befel him, the dog would come running home, and alarm the family. Upon which occasions, I had to set out in search of him, through the thickest woods, and frequently when it was so dark that I could not see my hand before me: my dependence being entirely on the dog; but he never failed to lead me to the place where his master lay.

During my stay here I fared pretty well, and lived with some degree of contentment, until a circumstance occurred,which obliged me to leave the house.—Mr. H—— one night at home got very groggy, was in a very ill-humour, and swore "he would have revenge that night; and accordingly he ordered his wife to bring him some more grog, which she did and handed the bottle and some water. Having drunk what suited him, he began to curse and swear at his wife, calling her a d——d strumpet, and loading her with every opprobrious epithet which his indignation suggested. She endeavoured by mild words to pacify him and bring him to reason; but this only made him more furious,—he knocked her down, and jumped with his knees on her breast, and then pulling out his knife, swore he would kill her on the spot,—Now I thought it would be wrong in me to stand by and see murder committed, without endeavouring to prevent it: so I took him by the collar and pulled him off until she made her escape. This interferance of mine (which I

thought perfectly justifiable) was likely to produce such domestic broils, that for the peace of the poor woman, I thought it most prudent to leave the house; which I did, and went to live with one captain Willhelem, an inn-keeper, who lived about three miles from Lancaster.—I happened to be in one of my mad frolics, one day when three continental officers came on a visit to captain Willhelem's:—I was pretty tipsey and used a good deal of unnecessary language, which caused the officers to inquire, who I was? They were told I was a prisoner of war, and by name John R. Shaw. Being therefore afraid lest such inquiries might lead to a detection, and that some person for a reward might deliver me up to the British, who, at that time offered a half joe for every British prisoner brought to them at Lancaster, I was brought to a stand what to do in this delicate circumstance. Upon a little reflection however, I was determined against having any further connexion with the English army; but if I could by any artifice, get enlisted in the American army, as the war was, in all probability, nearly at an end, I should soon get my liberty, and be released from the hardships of military duty, of which I was pretty well tired.

But there was an act of congress against the enlisting of prisoners of war, which made my undertaking rather desperate; however, as I knew that many others in the same condition had got admittance; and that there were several hundreds of prisoners, who now enlisted in the different corps of the American army, I resolved

to try my fortune, by inventing the most plausible fiction which I could devise, in order to prevent suspicion and detection. So on I went to Lancaster, where I soon met with the recruiting sergeant whose name was Townsel, an old British deserter:—but according to the good old adage, *always set a rogue to catch a rogue*;—I sauntered about a little while before he took notice of me; but at length he asked me if I would enlist for a soldier? I pretended to be very much alarmed, and told him I was not acquainted with the life of a soldier, and was afraid to go to war.

"Well but, says the sergeant, you are a prisoner of war, are you not?" "No sir, said I, I never was a soldier in my life."—Where did you come from? I came from Little Chickes, and served my time with one William Curran.—How long did you serve? I served four years, and I can prove it by my indentures, and by a number of respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood, such as Alexander Scott, and captain Scott, with many others.—"Well, Shaw," said the sergeant, "you have a fine story truly, and I hope you will stick to it; for you must know that a liar has need of a good memory;—so look sharp, or else you will be caught. "Well, Mr. Shaw, we must go to the officers;" so we went to the captains Doil and Powers.—"Well, gentlemen," says the sergeant, "here is another recruit for you.—"Young man where did you come from?" I came from Little Chickes.—"With whom did you live there?" My last place of residence was at Coleman's furnace. "And what did you follow?" I followed

working at the mine-banks.—"But with whom did you live at Chickes?" I served my time with Mr. Curran, and I can prove it by my indentures, and by men of the first respectability, such as Alexander Scott and his nephew captain Scott.—So without asking me any more questions, they gave me three half joes as bounty-money, and I went with the recruiting sergeant to quarters; where my new companions used all means in their power to jockey me out of my money; but "it is not easy to catch old birds with chaff,"—I was not so raw a soldier as they ignorantly supposed, nor so easily imposed on as they imagined; for I deposited my money with the officer, and drew it as I stood in need; but by this conduct, I got a good deal of ill-will among those sharpers.—But by this time, Cornwallis was taken, and the very regiment to which I belonged,while in the British service, had come to Lancaster; and in a few days I was attacked by the sergeant major, who called me a d——d rebel; and upon returning to the rendezvous, I made my complaint to the lieutenant, who had been an old British deserter, and from whom I had received singular favours. I was now made a corporal, and a cutlass was given me to enable me to stand in my own defense against the British officers, who often threatened to take me out of the ranks. But they soon ceased to disturb me; for there were but few in our recruiting party, who were not prisoners of war. Having been with the recruiting party for some time, I got acquainted with some of the congress regiment soldiers to my cost; for as I was walking

the streets of Lancaster with one of them, he robbed me of my handkerchief and money, in open day light. This may be called complete street robbery.

We stayed here until we enlisted nearly 300 men, and most of them prisoners of war; and then we were sent to Carlisle-barracks, by which time the Pennsylvania line was broken, and formed into three regiments [i. e. the 1st, 2d and 3d.] It was my lot to belong to the 3d regiment, commended by that undaunted hero, colonel Richard Butler, (who afterwards fell in St. Clair's defeat) and the honourable George Bush's company: [the son of Squire Bush of Wilmington.]

We lay here a considerable time, and I began to grow weary of a single life, and paid my addresses to a certain young woman, who was at service in the family of a Mr. Samuel Stuart, inn-keeper in York-street, Carlisle; and after a short courtship we were married at the house of a Mr. Robert Johnston, a respectable citizen, who gave us a good dinner, and in the evening, I was conducted to the barracks, with my new bride, by a number of soldiers of the first respectability.—

"*Imprimis*, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a faithful wedding:—
Behold the bride-groom and his bride,

Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She by the tender graces drest,
But, he by *Mars*, in martial vest.—
And then to make the matter sure,
Dame *Juno* brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;—
But still the hardest part remains."—
But—"I pity the ladies so modest and nice."

——The young woman whom I married was a native of Ireland, and from the town of Sligo, and by profession a Roman Catholic; her maiden name was Mary O'Hara, who, before the commencement of the American revolution came in a redemptioner, and served out her time in Kishicocles valley, in the family of a certain Robert Homes, and always supported a good character. I did every thing in my power to render our connubial life as comfortable as the nature of our circumstances would admit. I endeavoured to gain the good will of the officers, and got permission to work in the town, and by the recommendation and interest of one Robert Gibson, I met with employment from Mr. John Creech, a merchant in whose service I continued while the army lay at Carlisle.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a Variety of Particulars.

SOME time in the summer of 1782, we were ordered on an Indian expedition to a place called the *Standing-Stone*. We marched by way of Callender's mills, and so on to Sherman's valley, to Juniata, and then to Kishicocles valley, by way of Squire Brown's, where we lay for a short time; and some of our men got to plundering, and being caught in the act, were tried and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes a piece, which they got well laid on. Our expedition, however, was rendered unneccessary, as the Indians were dispersed without our assistance. We then returned to Carlisle; soon after which the great anniversary of American Independence was celebrated ; and, on this occasion, a well conducted representation of a battle was exhibited by the 3d Pennsylvania regiment, and the town-militia consisting of one company of foot, and one of horse, with a small redoubt erected in front of the town, commanded by colonel Richard Butler, whose name ought never to be forgotten. The day was spent to the great satisfaction of all the spectators, and the scene closed with an elegant ball, honoured with the attendance of nearly 100 ladies of the first character both in town and country.

Soon after this an affair of a more unpleasant

nature happened:—a certain sergeant Thompson, who was on guard over a few prisoners who were confined for desertion, being provoked by the ill-language of one of them, whose name was Robertson, seized a fire-lock and with it beat out the poor prisoner's brains. The sergeant indeed in his defence alledged that Robertson arose from the guard bed with an intent to force the sentry. However, the murderer was immediately arrested and sent to jail under a strong guard, and confined in irons, where he lay until his trial came on. But one thing was much in his favour, he had always supported a good character, and was generally esteemed in the army. He was tried and tried again; for colonel William Butler was determined to save him guilty or not guilty. Horrid, indeed, were the cries and screams of the murderer while in the dungeon:—he was constantly exclaiming in the most frantic manner. "Here he comes in a flame of fire! he will catch me!—O here he stands! He stands here grinning at me! O guilty, guilty conscience!—How I am tormented!"——If the torment of a guilty conscience be so great in this world, what must it be in the next!—This wretch escaped hanging, but he died a miserable death not long after.

At the same time two deserters were tried, and condemned to be hanged; and when the day came for their execution, they were brought to the gallows, and, a circle being formed, a hangman was wanted, as there was a number of other prisoners brought out who had been condemned for different crimes. Accordingly lieutenant Butler, who did the duty of an adjutant, made choice

of an old man by the name of O'Connor to be hangman; but the old man positively refused to perform the office, and said he would die rather than accept it. He was then tied up to the foot of the gallows for his disobedience and received one hundred lashes well laid on, which he bore without a murmur, and was then ordered into the ranks. A man by the name of Burns was next pitched upon to perform the *honourable* office, and after some hesitation he complied, and put the rope on the neck of one of the criminals; but before any of them were swung off, a reprieve came to the joy of all the spectators, and all were dismissed. The intended hangman was knocked and kicked about like a dog while Mr. O'Connor was applauded by every soldier in the garrison, and treated with all imaginable respect for his manly conduct.

In a few days after that, a small party of us was ordered to M'Collister's town in pursuit of deserters. The party consisted of sergeant M'Gilton, corporal Webb, a man by the name of M'Collister, (as great a scoundrel as ever came from Ireland) and one Myres, and myself; being only five in number. We pursued our journey until we came to Yellow-Breeches Creek, and so on to Conowaga, where we stopped to take some refreshment; and some country-people coming in, we asked them to drink with us, which they readily did, and having spent some time in conversation with them, the sergeant asked one of them if he would enlist; but as he seemed not very willing, the conversation was dropped, and and we proceeded on our way, all but M'Col-

lister who delayed behind, for what we could not tell. But he soon called after us, and swore he had enlisted a man fairly; but the man positively denied it. M'Collister, however persisted in declaring that he had given him money, and enlisted him in due form. "Well," says the sergeant, "you must go along with us and be sworn in, or else we must tie you, and take you by force." I do not recollect the time that my feelings were more hurt than on this occasion; the poor man was evidently trepanned, for M'Collister put half a dollar between his fingers, and so offering his hand to the countryman under pretense of shaking hands with him, and the poor man giving his hand without any mistrust, M'Collister says, "Take this in the name of the Congress of the United States;" which frightened the simple rustic almost out of his senses. We all marched on together, but did not go far before the poor man began to cry, and beg to be discharged, saying, "I have a wife and six small children, who must suffer if you take me from them—I will give you my horse, my saddle and great coat, and all the money I have, if you will let me return home." Says the sergeant, "How much money have you?" "I have six dollars and some pence," replies the poor man, "with which I intended to have bought shoes for my children." Upon this a consultation was held, and I pleaded as hard for the man, as if he had been my own father. At length the sergeant consented to let him keep his horse, saddle and great coat, and some of the money to bear his expences

home; and accordingly he departed congratitulating himself on his happy delivery.

I have enlisted many a man, but I always despised the dishonest methods practised by some of trepanning a man when he is intoxicated, and enlisting him by slipping a piece of money into his hand, or into his pocket, or his boots, and then swearing that he is enlisted fairly.—If the Devil does not get such recruiting officers, and all who follow such diabolical practices, I will give up that there is no occasion for a Devil at all.

Shortly after this I was made a drill corporal, and from that a lanch sergeant, and sent out recruiting. In this business I had tolerable success, and my captain who was a man of good principles, would never enlist a man unless he was sober, and perfectly willing, and to this purpose he gave pointed orders to enlist every man fairly, as it was his opinion, that a man so enlisted, would be more likely to make a good soldier; "For what," he would frequently say, "can you expect a man to do for you when he is forced to it in an unlawful manner."

Before we leave Carlisle, a few desultory remarks on the town and its inhabitants may not be unacceptable to some of my readers.—

Carlisle is a handsome town, regularly laid off in squares. The court-house is of brick, and the market house of the same. The Presbyterian meeting house is a spacious and elegant building of blue lime-stone, which makes a very beautiful appearance. There is also an Episcopal church built of stone, and the private houses are gener-

ally of stone and brick, with a few framed and log houses. The university is a large and stately fabrick, and well calculated to answer the laudable purpose for which it was intended. When it was finished, the founders of this great building were at a loss for water:—a bletonist was procured, who pitched upon a certain spot of ground, where they dug, and blew to a vast depth without finding water. They then procured a large auger which bored a hole 4 inches in diameter, with which they perforated the rock to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, and no prospect of water yet appeared. A cube was then prepared, and a cartridge made to hold twenty pounds of the best powder, with which the hole was loaded, and fire applied.—The force of the explosion went both up and down, and the rock was so cleft and divided, that an immense body of water issued forth sufficient for the supply, not only of the university, but of all the neighbouring houses that stood in need of water.

The wells which are dug here are mostly deep: it being commonly necessary to penetrate through a very thick stratum of limestone rock. The usual depth of the wells is from forty to eighty feet.—There are, however, many excellent springs in the vicinity of Carlisle; such as Wilson's spring, which sends forth a stream sufficient to turn a mill at a very little distance from the source, and runs by the town in a considerable brook. And on the other side of the town there is the river Conagoguin, on the bank of which, is a vast cave curiously formed by the hand of nature, with a spring on each side of it, yielding

the purest water. There is in this cavern, about a hundred yards from the entrance, an elegant apartment of a square figure, large and spacious, and having seven beautiful boiling springs in the middle of it. In this room, I have enjoyed a good deal of pleasure, and helped to drink many a good bottle.

The barracks are large enough to contain 10,000 soldiers, with a house convenient for a hundred artificers to work in making all sorts of arms and implements for the use of the army and garrison.

The inhabitants of Carlisle are, generally speaking, of Irish extraction, and more particularly those who dwell in the main and back streets. They are very decent and respectable people. But there is a street, very properly denominated *Hell-street* inhabited chiefly by high Dutch people, and in this street was kept the *holy* ground, where all sorts of past-times were carried on.

From Carlisle we were ordered to Lancaster, in order to relieve the Congress-regiment, and to do duty over the prisoners who were taken with Cornwallis. We lay for some time in several old stables that had been occupied by the light horse; and afterwards formed into barracks, between Lancaster and Conastoga. Here we mounted an officer's guard—2 sergeants, 2 corporals, one drum and fife, and 50 privates, to guard the English prisoners, the magazine and the repository of provisions.

Here I connot help mentioning a scene that I was witness to, though I acknowledge that it was

something extraordinary and to me very unaccountable.

There is a hole in the ground on one side of the barracks, called *Stophel Funk's hole*, that never could be closed: for if it was filled up in the evening, it would be open again in the morning; and old Funk would come forth several times in the night, in the shape of a ball of fire. One night in particular, as we were going round with a relief, and having stopped to relieve the sentinel next the grave yard, who should come forth but old Funk in his usual appearance. I took the fire in my hands and threw it on the ground without receiving any hurt. You may think what you please about it, I was frightened considerably, and all who were with me, were glad to get to the guard-house as quickly as possible; leaving the sentry in a trembling condition, who afterwards gave us a sad account of old Funk. I have known the sentry to run from his post, from the magazine and the stores, in the greatest trepidation, panic-struck by the formidable appearance of old Funk. And some who had courage enough to face the enemy in the field of battle, immediately took to their heels on the appearance of old Funk. Some asserted that they had seen him as a boy, others like a horse without a head, and others again as a wool-pack rolling on the ground; but for my part, I never saw him in any other shape than that of a ball of fire.

The credibility of this incident will, no doubt, be questioned by many, and ascribed to prejudice, ignorance or superstitious credulity; but what I have seen and felt I must believe; and

contenting myself with a faithful relation of the fact, I leave it to the philosopher, who may probably be able to account for the phenominon, without having recourse to any supernatural means.

We had to keep a quarter guard, at the back of our barracks, which mounted a sergeant, corporal, and twelve privates. It so happened at one time while I was on guard, that the sergeant, whose name was Pendergrass, sent me to call the relief, as I was then corporal. At the same time he gave the prisoners leave to go and stay in the barracks, though contrary to orders; and then absented himself from his guard. So between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, the officer of the police, whose name was Ball, came round, and called for the sergeant of the guard; but the sergeant being absent he called for the corporal of the guard; but no corporal was there to answer. He then called to the guard to fall in; but no guard; not a man was there but the sentry. Lieutenant Ball then called for the sergeant-major of the regiment; but the sergeant was in bed with his wife, and I was not far from mine; but on hearing the sergeant-major called for, I began to call for No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4; and at the second call for the sergeant-major by the officer of the police, I called again, as loud as I could bawl, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, in order to make it appear that I was on my duty. But a new guard was called out, and you may easily guess what came next:—we were all confined under the new quarter-guard, for five days and nights from our wives; but I hope they

did not suffer by our absence; for a soldier (to his honour be it spoken) is always ready to act a brotherly part in such a case as this. On the fifth day a court martial was called, and the sergeant and myself were conveyed to the court-house to be tried by a regimental court martial, according to the military law.—I was called into the room —"Corporal Shaw, you are charged with absenting yourself from your guard without leave—guilty or not guilty?"—"Not guilty; for, please your honors, by the sergeant's own confession, I was in the line of my duty, as will no doubt appear, if your honours will confer the favour of calling in the sergeant."—So the sergeant was called in.—"Sergeant Pendergrass, was corporal Shaw absent from his guard with leave or without leave?" "I sent corporal Shaw," said the sergeant, "to call a relief."—"What relief?" "The first relief." "Well" says the officer of the police, "I heard corporal Shaw call No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, when I called the sergeant-major."—So I was dismissed into the next room; and the court proceeded to the trial of the sergeant; and when that was ended, we were conducted back to the guard-house; and the next day at roll-call, the prisoners were brought out, and a circle formed, and the sentence of the court-martial was read.—"Sergeant P. you are broken, and to receive fifty lashes." "Corporal Shaw, you are acquitted with honour, and may return to your duty."

In a short time sergeant Everly was cashiered for drunkenness, and I was made sergeant in his place. Not long after this, I was ordered out, in

company with sergeant Smith (commonly called old-fashined Smith) to go and bring back a deserter, who was harboured about a certain man's house in Pickway. We accordingly set out, and pursued our march until we grew hungry, and having no money with which to bear our expences, we were obliged to do the best we could—appear great, and talk big.—It was our lot to call at a tory's house, and the man seemed all in confusion at our appearance, and very readily put down his bottle, and treated us with plenty of cyder; and directed his wife to get ready the best in the house. The conversation very soon turned upon whig and tory, and we had a plain indication of the truth of the good old proverb that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser." However the old man through fear and not love, treated us with much civility. We ate and drank freely, telling him that the congress would pay for all; and we gave him an order on congress, which he readily accepted, saying it would pay his taxes. We parted in friendship with our host, having our canteens filled with good old apple brandy, and pursued our journey, and made some enquiry for the deserter; but hearing that we were in search of him, he made his escape, and we gave over our pursuit. In our return to Lancaster we called at the sign of the Pennsylvania farmer; a public house kept by a capt. Crawford, about ten miles from Lancaster and fifty-six from Philadelphia. Mr. Crawford was a true whig, who had warmly espoused the American cause;—he treated us with great hospilitality, and entertained us with

the best his house would afford; not forgetting to fill our canteens, as he knew that a soldier loves to wet his whistle.

We then proceeded on our way for some distance and the day being far spent we called for quarters at a certain Mr. H———'s near Lancaster.—Though the master of the house was not at home, we were nevertheless invited in, and treated with particular attention, for I was always of that principle, that I would not kiss the maid when I could kiss the mistress; but both rather than be called nice. We passed the night much to our satisfaction, and got a good breakfast in the morning with a bumper of Jamaica spirits to wash it down: and so after eating and drinking heartily, we took our farewell of our kind hostess, and returned to Lancaster in high spirits, and made a report of the manner in which we had endeavoured to execute our orders.

In a few days I was sent on guard to the jail over the British prisoners. The jailor's name was C———; he had one son and three daughters.—His old wife used to scare every guard that was on duty; for it was a common practice then to convey liquor to the prisoners, as the jailor exacted such an exorbitant price for his liquor that the soldiers were not able to buy it. Being upon guard, application was made to me to procure some liquor on lower terms, and convey it to the prisoners.—Accordingly I undertook the task, and having procured a bladder, I took the wood out my cartridge box and filled it with half a gallon of whiskey, and went up to the iron-gate, (without suspicion as I thought) in order to hand

in the liquor, when, to my great surprise, old Mrs. Devil-catcher cries out —"O have I caught you?" "What do you mean madam?" said I.— "I will have you under guard, you scoundrel," said she: "I will go and complain to captain T———." "Stop madam," said I, "I will save you the trouble;" and at the same time very artfully called for my little book, and like a conjurer, began to draw a magical circle in the bar-room, saying I will fix you my old lady. Upon this, as she was a firm believer in the vulgar stories of ghosts, goblins and spectres, she was greatly alarmed and cried out "O dear sentry, do not give him his little book!"—She then began to flatter me, promising me that I should never want for any thing, whenever I mounted guard. So at her entreaties, I desisted from my conjuration, and made friends with my old mistress C.

My next object was to get on the right side of the eldest daughter, and this I accomplished in the following manner: Having reason to believe, that she had an intrigue with a certain Mr. T. I took the opportunity, when the young lovers had an interview at a certain time of the night, of presenting myself at the foot of the stairs, so as just to let myself be known by Mr. T. and then retired to my apartment. The next morning when the family were dispersed about their different avocations, at a convenient time, I thus addressed Miss C. "good morning, Miss, how did you rest last night?" "Indeed, Mr. Shaw," said she, "I rested very badly; for I was troubled with ugly dreams all night." "For my part Miss," said I, "I was so terrified by an apparition, that

I was very near breaking the jail and clearing myself: but the sentry prevented me by telling me, that nothing was more common than to hear a noise in the jail, and see spirits. Besides my fears were considerably abated, when I summoned up resolution enough to look at the apparition, and recognised the image that presented itself before me."—Bless me! Mr. Shaw," said she with apparent concern, "and do you think you would know the person?" "Yes madam," said I, "it was the ghost of Mr. T. in full shape, holding by the hand one of the most beautiful creatures that my eyes ever beheld."—"Lord bless me! Mr. Shaw, you startle me;—but do you think you would know the figure?" "Yes madam," said I, "it would represent your own fair image, if I mistake not.—But I may possibly have mistaken it; for I absented myself as quickly as I could."—"Too true, indeed, Mr. Shaw, to make a joke of," answered she; "but I hope you will have honour enough in you, not to make it known to the family." "I would scorn such an action, madam," said I, but—but—

But from this time forth, having the old jade and her daughter both fearful of giving me offence, I fared very well, and could carry liquor, or any thing else I pleased to the poor prisoners, without any danger of opposition or detection. *

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CHAP. V.

Second revolt of the Pennsylvania line.—The army is disbanded.—The author having spent his money goes to work in the country—travels to different places.—Two companies raised for the purpose of dispossessing the inhabitants of Wyoming —our author joins them.—A road opened through the wilderness.—Our author is frostbitten —gets his shoulder dislocated—is in danger of being drowned in the Susquehannah —goes to a still-house—drinks excessively —falls down as if dead—is carried to the barracks, where he conducts like a madman—jumps down the chimney and runs to the cliffs by the side of the river—leaps down from thence, and takes his seat on a cake of ice—floats down until he is taken out by some of his acquaintances.

LATE in the summer of 1783, a second revolt took place among the soldiers of the Pennsylvania line. The ring-leaders were sergeant-major Morris, and sergeant Noggle both belonging to the 3d Pennsylvania regiment. They were to march on to join their confederates at Philadelphia; but as soon as the regiment had commenced their march, sergeant-major Morris deserted and left us in the lurch. He lay concealed, as it afterwards appeared, in Chamberstown.—This plot was concerted and kept with the great-

est secrecy, among the non-commissioned officers: though it was never communicated to me until the day appointed for putting it in execution arrived. I was at work with a certain Mr. Myers in Lancaster, when I was alarmed by a message from sergeant Noggle, desiring me to come and join the regiment on their march, and that they had appointed me captain of a company. But I very positively refused it, and said I was pointedly opposed to all such unlawful traiterous conspiracies against the government of the United States; adding that I was perfectly satisfied with the treatment I had received from my superior officers; for they were men of the first respectability, and of as sound principles as could be found on the continent. This answer I returned to my new commanders; but a second message was sent to me, with orders to bring me either by flattery or by force. So at length I yielded, and went, at the request of sergeant Noggle and served as a private soldier, during our absence from Lancaster. We marched a few miles out of town, where we encamped the first night; and lieutenant Butler was sent to us offering us any reasonable satisfaction, and promising that all arrearages should be paid up, if we would return to our duty. But we were still fed up by Noggle's fine stories of what would be done for us at Philadelphia. Accordingly we marched on, and entered the city in three days, with drums beating, and colours flying and all in good order. We halted a little until a council was held by all the non-commissioned officers in the army. A plan was accordingly laid, and a guard sent to seize

the magazines. The next day all the forces were collected, and marched to the state-house where sergeant Noggle made a speech representing at large our grievances, such as no pay —no clothing, nor other necessaries and conveniences, without which we could serve no longer. And the majority of the soldiers protested they would not leave the ground, before they obtained full satisfaction or took the congress prisoners by surrounding the state-house. And I myself saw a soldier by the name of Wright charge on one of the members of congress with his bayonet, while the gentleman was on his escape, after promising to do every thing in his power to have our arrearages of pay and clothing paid off. At the same time thousands of citizens were crying "Stand for your rights." The city militia with several troops of light horse, were called out to disband us by force; but they would not obey their commanders,—and the general voice was "Stand for your rights." Messengers were sent to inform us that measures would be immediately taken for redressing all our grievances; and having received satisfactory assurances of this, we all marched to the barracks, and from thence the 3d Pennsylvania regiment marched back for Lancaster. Old Col. Humpton was placed at Hogdon's ferry, with such clothing as we stood in need of, and some money. So we continued our march under the command of lieutenant Talbot, and when we arrived at Lancaster, we were formed in a line on the parade, and were ordered to lay down our arms, and the ring-leaders of the plot were selected out. Accordingly sergeant

Noggle, corporal Flowers, and some others, were sent to the jail in Lancaster; from whence they were afterwards removed to Philadelphia jail, where was also lieutenant Huston, who had been taken up on suspicion.—General Washington also sent a guard in pursuit of sergeant major Morris, who was taken and brought to Philadelphia, and there tried by a general court-martial for mutiny. Both he and sergeant Noggle were sentenced to be shot; but while they were on their knees, and the cap drawn over their faces, and the soldiers waiting for the word "fire," through the great clemency of general Washington a reprieve was obtained, and the prisoners discharged, to the entire satisfaction of all the spectators.

Soon after this event we were all discharged at Lancaster, and received four months' pay in Morris's notes payable in sixty days, with all the arrearages of clothing, and after some time we got continental certificates; and I got 350 acres of land as extra pay for my services.

Whilst the money lasted we lived merrily; but that being soon squandered, my comrade and myself entered into a contract with one lawyer Climer to dig him a mill-race by Morgan town, on the horse-shoe road, 24 miles from Lancaster. And as this work employed us for a considerable time, I left my bed-fellow at home, hoping that she would not suffer, as one soldier is always ready to help another in time of need.—We had not been long at work, before we became acquainted with the overseer, whose name was

John Oatencake, who frequently led us to a certain tavern in Morgan town to spend leisure evenings; and there was a handsome landlady, and bucksome young damsel who loved a game at cards, and was tolerably expert, particularly at the game of all-fours, in playing which, however, we were always so generous as to stake three to one, considering our purses the heaviest; but they contrived to lighten them before we had done with them.

After finishing the mill-race, we returned to Lancaster, and in a week or two we started for Philadelphia, by a circuitous rout, that is to say, by way of Peddlehouzer, to Pickway, to the gap-tavern, down Newport road to Irwin's, thence to Cockran's, to the halfway house in Chester county, and so on to New-London cross-roads, where our money failed, and we called at a farmer's house to enquire for work; he readily agreed to give us two shillings a day to top corn. This was a business with which I was entirely unacquainted; so that at the first attempt, there was a boy of 12 years of age, who soon left me behind. But before night I improved so far as to outdo both the farmer and his son. Having staid with the farmer for a few days, we left him and proceeded on to Newark, and from thence to Christian bridge, where we fell in with one Dr. M. a man of good repute, who gave us employment for some time, and treated us well; but at length we were obliged to leave the place for—— for——for doing what we could not help doing.—

We next pursued our journey to Wilmington; thence to Chester, and from that to Derby, and

so on to the city of Philadelphia.—Two companies were then raised for the purpose of dispossessing the Yankees of the town of Wyoming. These companies were raised by the captains Stoddart and Christie: we joined them and shortly after marched forth, under the command of major Moore, who conducted the expedition. We marched on through Germantown, East town, crossed the Skuylkill, and passed the white-oak run, and so on through the wilderness to Wyoming, and took *Fort Dickinson* on the river Susquehannah. After we had been there some time, a proclamation was issued out ordering the Yankees to remove from Wyoming, Kingston, and Shawneetown; and all places on the disputed land, before spring, or abide by the consequence. That winter we received orders to open a road through the wilderness; and in our course we met with a place called the *Shades of Death*, on which the sun is not seen to shine the whole year round. And as we were employed in making a bridge over a rivulet, I was severely frost–bitten for the first time. The road being finished we returned to Wyoming, where I met with another singular misfortune, by which my life was in great danger.—

By an unlucky accident, I got my shoulder displaced, and on my recovery I went down to the river side for recreation. There happened to be a Spaniard fishing in the river, by the side of a canoe, and he got his line entangled at the stern of the canoe, and went into it to loose the line; and I very inconsiderately stepped into the canoe also. At the same time there chanced to be

a soldier on the bank who was a funny old fellow, and he pushed off the canoe for his diversion; but his ill-timed fun had like to have terminated my existence; for the Spaniard being awkward and myself lame, we were in no condition to manage the canoe, which having floated with us for a short distance overset, and turned us into the water, to shift for ourselves. We had a hard struggle; some times up, and some times down. This I call a fair sea-fight between the English and the Spanish. However, the Spaniard kept the ship, and the Englishman ran a ground; for I luckily gained the shore by swimming; whereas the Spaniard stuck to the canoe: but no thanks to him for his perseverence; for he was tied to his quarter-tiers: there being a rope with a stone, for a cable and anchor at the head of the canoe; in the scuffle he accidentally got the rope fastened round his legs, and therefore having no chance to run away, he must either fight or die by his vessel. The canoe carried him down for a considerable way, when by good fortune, a boat coming up the river, he was extricated from danger, and his life preserved.

About this time some expectation being entertained of receiving pay, a merchant in the town of Wyoming, who had some damaged goods on his hands, proposed to let the soldiers have what they wanted upon bringing an order from the captain; and accordingly we took up goods whenever we thought proper. Amongst other articles in the store there was a considerable quantity of tea, of which the soldiers would occasionally get three or four pounds at a time,

and go to one captain Hollowback's and barter the tea for whiskey; so that it became a pretty common practice to return home reeling, like the drunken soldier, who being ordered to "wheel to the right;" "by Gad," says he, "I wheel every way, and some must be right." On these occasions, there was a certain Molly M'Night, an old sergeant's wife, who, upon seeing the soldiers come staggering into the garrison, would say, "arrah by my shoul, this tea makes all our men drunk, so it does."

For my part I went to captain Hollowback's still-house one day, with two of my fellow-soldiers and having called for a quart of whiskey, we drank it before the fire. But upon attempting to rise, with an intention to return to the barracks, I fell down motionless, and to all appearance dead; so that the alarm went to the barracks that *Shaw was dead.* A company then collected to my wake, and having procured a good cag of whiskey, were determined to have a merry frolick: but they were sadly disappointed; for, as soon as the operation of the liquor began to abate, I rolled off the board upon which they had laid me, and uttered a heavy groan, accompanied by a loud explosion of *flatus* from beneath, which so startled the company, that they all run out swearing that the dead was come to life. However, they soon returned, and conveyed me to the barracks, where I was seized with a fit of insanity, and behaved in such an outrageous manner, that they were obliged to confine me with chains and take off my clothes.

But by some means, I got loose, and ran through the fort like a Bedlamite, climbed up to the top of the roof of the barracks, and walking to the farther end of ridge, jumped down, without any injury, and ran out of the garrison, until I came to the cliffs by the side of the river, from whence I leaped down, (the distance not being less than 30 or 40 feet) to the bottom, seated myself, naked as I was, on a cake of ice, and floated for a considerable distance down the river, before my fellow soldiers could get me off. I was then taken care of, and doctored up with a little more of the usquebaugh, which in the condition I then was, produced no bad effects, but seemed rather to contribute to the restoration of my health, and the recovery of my senses.

CHAP. VI.

An extraordinary inundation of the Susquehannah. —Uncommon method of felling timber.—The Yankees expelled by force.—The author sets out again for Philadelphia.—Account of a women and two children being frozen to death. —Arrives at Philadelphia. —Goes with some sailors to the sign of the "battle of the cags." —Explanation of the sign —continues his frolic until his money is all spent—goes to work again—enlists soon after as a soldier in Harmer's expedition.

AT the breaking up of the ice, the towns of Kingston, and Wyoming were considerably damaged by an inundation of the river. The water rose to an astonishing height; the ice having broken up between 11 and 12 o'clock at night. So impetuous was the current and so sudden the overflow, that it was with no small difficulty the men in the fort, or even the inhabitants of the place could make their escape; for the water was up to our knees before we got off.—We then fled to the hills for safety.—I there saw houses floating down the river, with cocks crowing in them, and cattle of every description descending with the stream. Kingston was entirely swept away—not a house was left in the town, but a barn on one side. All the cattle were drowned; and our commissary, whose name was Meeds, being of

a roguish turn, and wishing to profit by the losses of others, collected all the drowned cattle and hogs, and salted them up for the use of the army. But when his dishonesty was discovered, he very deservedly, lost his commission, and another commissary was appointed in his stead.

While we continued here I went one day into the woods to cut down some timber; and it so happened that one tree which I was endeavouring to bring to the ground, was prevented from falling by lodging in the fork of another tree. I was brought to a stand, what method to take in order to get it down. At length, however, I concluded to use the following contrivance:—I suspended the axe in the waist-band of my breeches, and then crawled up the tree which had lodged, with more clumsiness than a bear, and thus with great difficulty, I gained the top, where I cut off the smallest branch of the fork; but I cannot tell whether the tree, the axe or myself were on the ground first; so sudden was the down fall. For I flung my arms round the standing tree, but not getting such a firm hold as to support me, I necessarily came down with the falling tree; and by the friction against the rough bark of the standing tree, I got my body as well shaved as the best barber in the world could have done it.

As soon as I recovered from the trepidation occasioned by the suddenness of this accident, I proceeded to trimming the branches of the tree, which in its fall, had bent down some pretty stiff saplings, and having inconsiderately cut off the top of one of them, which I mistook for a branch of the tree, it rebounded with force and

struck me so violently on the mouth, that it laid me sprawling. I rolled over and over and over, until I got on my posteriors, where I sat for a little while, like a baboon, looking round me, to observe if there was any person beholding me in that awkward posture.—

But now for the Yankees. —Our general orders were, if they did not voluntarily remove, to drive them off by force. Our two companies were divided into smal parties, and commanded to go round and take off the cocks of the Yankees' guns. Major Moore then issued orders, that they should depart within the space of ten days, as no longer indulgence could be allowed them. These orders, however, were not complied with; and accordingly at the expiration of the time, the small parties went round the second time, and drove off all the inhabitants of both town and country, that would not consent to live under the Pennsylvania laws. The sight was truly affecting, and sufficient to excite pity in the most insensible breasts, to behold men, women and children, driven into the woods without being permitted to carry with them any clothing except what was on their backs. It made my heart ache to see wives weeping round their husbands, and poor little helpless children crying, and hanging on their afflicted mothers; and in this condition driven into the remotest part of the desert, where they must be exposed to the greatest hardships and dangers without any prospect of relief.

Some time in the month of April 1784, this land was divided into lots and small farms, and

offered to those who would take it under the laws of Pennsylvania. Accordingly some of the soldiers took lots and some farms, from the hands of squire Patterson, who was appointed agent for the state of Pennsylvania. Each man had to pay one ear of corn per acre to be considered as a tax for the land.

We were all paid off, and discharged in the month of May: and there were nineteen of us, who immediately set out together for the city of Philadelphia. We marched on to the *White-oak run*, [32 miles from Wyoming, and 34 from East-town] where we stopped a few hours to refresh ourselves, and made up a shooting match, and shot for three gallons of whiskey, thirty yards at a large stump four feet over, and it accidentally happened that I proved the best marksman. A very melancholy event had occured here the night before we arrived: a poor man, who had a wife and two children was gone a hunting;—the night was very cold, and they were extremely ill provided with clothes —the mother had to get up in the night and put warm stones to her children's feet, but notwithstanding both the mother and her children were found frozen to death the next morning.

After seeing the remains of these unhappy victims of poverty decently interred, we pursued our journey towards East town, 12 miles from Bethlehem; and when we arrived there we purchased a boat to carry us down the Delaware to Philadelphia.

We were now arrived in one of the finest and most plentiful cities in the world. The first thing

I did was to enquire for such persons as bought continental soldiers' pay, and I soon found a certain captain M'Connel, to whom I sold mine. My pay and my 350 acres of land brought me £63 6*s*.—The next thing was to spend this money, and with this view I immediately repaired to the sign of the Checkers or Draughts in Water street, and there I fell in with two sailors whom I invited to drink some grog, and began to be so obstreperous, and to cut so many capers that the landlady was obliged to beg me to be less noisy, observing that she had a sick man in the house, and that it would be cruel and inhuman to disturb him in such a condition.

The sailors then asked me, if I wanted to have a frolick. I answered yes, provided we can get a suitable place, and some fine girls to amuse us.—We then jogged on to the sign of the "battle of the cags." But as it is possible, that some of my readers may not have heard of the *battle of the cags*, I will give them a brief explanation of it.—While the British army were in possession of Philadelphia, the Americans sent a considerable number of empty barrels or cags, a drift down the river Delaware. The British suspecting these vessels to contain some combustible matter for the destruction of the city, drew up their forces in battle array, and commenced a formidable discharge of artillery and musquetry upon these empty cags. But they soon discovered their mistake, and withdrew the fight, and marched off to their quarters covered with shame and disgrace; for being outwitted by men born in the woods. The Americans in this instance,

acted somewhat like those seamen, who, when they meet a whale, immediately fling him out an empty barrel by way of amusement to divert him from damaging the ship.

But having arrived at the sign of the cags, the landlady with a smiling and inviting countenance, taking me by the hand, says to me in a pleasant and courteous manner, "Will this room answer your purpose; for I understand you wish to have a frolick." "Yes, madam," said I "with another small apartment for greater convenience." I accordingly agreed with the old lady for the room, and the different prices of the liquors; and the next thing was to make choice of company suitable to the occasion. The old lady then sent for half a dozen brisk lasses *de bonne humeur*, with as many sailors and soldiers, and an old fiddler, to compose our jovial party. We soon had our ball-room in complete order, and commenced our frolick, late in the evening, and passed the night agreeably enough.

In such scenes of wild festivity, in the company of the most profligate and debauched characters, I continued until all my money was spent; and then to work I had to go. I met with a certain Charles West, a quaker, who employed me to dig a cellar for him, in company with one Millar, a Scotchman, who was as full of vanity and folly as myself.—But it would be abusing your patience, my courteous readers, to trouble you with a detail of my numerous frolicks and irregularities, while I remained in the city of Philadelphia. Suffice it to say, that every penny I made by my work, was immediately squan-

dered away in the haunts of dissipation and vice.—

I got so far, however, in favour with the good quaker that he recommended me to one George Justice, a brick-layer, who employed me in carrying the hod, and in this branch of business I soon became as expert as any in the city. I have run down six men in a day, in carrying the hod up houses from two to six stories high; indeed I never saw a man in my life, but I could outwind him. For this reason my employer always gave me extra wages, to push every man that came to carry bricks. Among others employed in this work there was an Irishman by the name of Jemmy———: and our employer one time in particular, having sent for some beer to treat his hands with, after we had all drunk round, and Jemmy and myself had carried a few hods of brick; "arrah, by my shoul," says Jemmy, "this beer will all die master Justice."—"Well, Jemmy," said Mr. Justice, "thou mayest drink it, if thou thinkest proper." So Jemmy took a hearty drink of it. But behold, after carrying a few more turns of brick, down came Jemmy hod and all! The house was three stories high, and poor Jemmy took up his quarters in the cellar; from which he was obliged to be conveyed home in a carriage, with his shoulder out of place, and his head sorely bruised. And so much for drinking beer.

I continued with Mr. Justice until some time in the month of August, [1784] when the first American regiment was raised, commanded by colonel Josiah Harmer, and consisted of four

companies for Fort M'Intosh, thirty-five miles below Pittsburgh on the Ohio, on the Indian side. Having still a predeliction for the military life, I enlisted in captain William M'Curdy's company. The officers of the four companies were major Finney, and the captains M'Curdy, St. Clair, and Douglas. About a month after I had enlisted, my former employer, who had reluctantly parted with me, wanted to buy me off, and after some pursuasion, he prevailed on me, to go and try to obtain the captain's consent; which I did and offered him two men in my place, and twenty dollars in cash. But he answered, "no, Shaw, I cannot part with you; for I have just spoken to colonel Harmer to make you a corporal."

To tell the truth I was very easy about it, for I loved the life of a soldier. The bounty, indeed, was so small, that it could not be a sufficient inducement to any man to enlist, who was not otherwise inclined to it; for we had but two dollars in advance, and one complete suit of clothes. A soldier's pay was fifty shillings per month, a corporal's fifty-five shillings, a sergeant's ten dollars, and a sergeant major's fifteen dollars.—No stoppages, however, for the doctor, nor for the chaplain, as in the English army; but every man had liberty to practice physic and pray for himself.

After we had been recruiting for some time, we formed a camp on the side of the Schuylkill opposite to the city, and occasionally were permitted to go into the city, by procuring a pass,

or a non-commissioned officer to answer for our conduct, and bring us back at roll-call in the evening. In these walks we usually passed over Mr. Hogdon's floating bridge at the middle ferry. But one day as a certain coporal Vaughan and myself were deliberately walking over this bridge, not thinking of any obstruction, as we had often gone over before unmolested, old Mr. Hogden attacked us on the bridge, and demanded pay for crossing, and asked us for our pass. Upon this I shewed him my fist, as he advanced seemingly with an intent to strike me, and I gave him such a blow on the ear as laid him asleep for a little while. In the mean time the son came to the old man's assistance, and my comrade soon gave him what Paddy gave the drum—more kicks than coppers. After that we could pass over the bridge when we pleased, without interruption or molestation.

As soon as we had gained a sufficient number of men, we received orders to march; and after we had marched about thirteen miles (to the sign of the Sorrel horse) we halted for one day and two nights, as there was something to be done there—some of the men had deserted, and were taken—they belonged to capt. St. Clair's company. They were tried and two of them sentenced to run the gantlet, three times through. One of them died that night by the severity of the punishment; and the other eloped, and was never heard of more.

Captain St. Clair, though an officer of an undeniable character, was in some instances too severe. He has wished many times to get me

into his clutches. —His mode of punishment for petty crimes was flagellation, performed by laying the offender across a bench with his back upwards, and causing his corporal to stand by, with a ratan in his hand, which he ludicrously styled his *washerwoman*; "Now," he would say, "you must give my holy angel a few dozen on his bare posteriors, to enable him to remember his old friend St. Clair."—This officer was too cunning for the most of his soldiers; but at length he was outwitted by one William Grub. The captain's horse being sick, he applied to Grub, who was something of a farrier, to cure his horse. Accordingly Grub having examined the horse, and found that his back was sore, and severely bruised, returned to the captain, and told him he would undertake the cure, provided he [St. Clair] would supply him with the medicine. Accordingly the captain finding that it was nothing more than a bottle of whiskey, readily granted it. So Grub and one of his comrades went to work upon the horse, and having rubbed his back with the bottle, and poured a few drops on the sore, they both set down very contentedly and drank the whiskey. "And now," said they, "we have out generalled the old fellow." But being overheard, word went immediately to the captain, who, upon finding himself so easily out done, offered another bottle to any person who would discover to him the trick. Upon this Grub himself came forward, and told him that he had rubbed the horse's back with the bottle, and drunk the contents. The captain then treated

him with another bottle, and laughed heartily at the joke.

From the sign of the Sorrel Horse where we had stopped as is mentioned above, we marched on to Lancaster, and encamped on Conostoga, where we drew provisions, and continued one day. From thence we marched on to Carlisle; and from Carlisle to Shippensburg, where we flogged two men for desertion. From Shippensburg, we proceeded to Chambersburg, and here we flogged one man for desertion, and drummed him out with a rope about his neck. The next day we marched to Bedford, where we halted for several days. And for the first night twelve of us got liberty to stay in the town, and we put up at the sign of the Blazing Star. Among our jolly company was one corporal Cragg, a man of a remarkably funny turn. Whilst we were drinking by a good fire-side, this Mr. Cragg, (Who commonly went by the name of *Honour Bright that always scorns the clean thing*) says with a serious countenance, at the same time rubbing his hand on his beard, and looking up the chimney at some hams of bacon, "I will have you off bright and early." The landlady supposing that he meant to shave his beard, for it was then very long, told him there was no razor in the house. Cragg, however, wanted not the razor; but the hams of bacon; and accordingly as soon as the family were asleep, he took the opportunity and very slily bore off the bacon with him.—So much for Cragg.

As for myself, I and another brother toper, got so intoxicated that we could not confine ourselves to the house; but rambled through the

town ready for mischief. The first thing that happened in our way was a garden fence, which we pulled down and let the cows, horses and sheep into the garden to destroy the contents. We then proceeded on in search of adventures, until our mad career was terminated by my falling into a well twenty feet deep, where I lay until I was drawn out by the assistance of major John M'Gaughey, now resident in Shelbyville, and fortunately received no damage.—

The next day four men composing what was called the Irish Mess, viz. Connor, Welch, Hannan, and Sands, went to a certain store in the town, and the store-keeper having occasion to go into another apartment, these fellows entered and began to plunder the store, and when the store-keeper returned Mr. C. instantly knocked him down, while the rest were busied in pillaging the goods. But the town being alarmed, the ruffians were taken by the sheriff and lodged in the jail; and as soon as the intelligence reached the ears of the commanding officer of the troops he sent a guard for them, and they were brought to the camp, and a drum-head court martial was held, by which they were sentenced to receive one hundred lashes each. This punishment was inflicted, and so hardened were these villians in wickedness, that they bore it with a fortitude worthy of a better cause.

CHAP. VII.

The author proceeds with the army to Fort M'Intosh —is employed with some others in boating provisions and merchandize down the river—narrowly escapes being lost in the river —is discharged as an invalid, and recommended to the legislature of Pennsylvania as deserving a pension —is disappointed in receiving the expected pension; but a charitable contribution is raised for his relief by the members of the legislature—leaves the city —travels as a charitable object from place to place—meets with several adventures—turns fortune teller, &c.

THE next day we marched for Hannahstown and so on for Pittsburgh, and we crossed the Alleghany at a small island opposite Fort Pitt, and lay there for a short time, until proper measures were taken for a treaty with the Indians. We then marched down to Fort M'Intosh, where we held a treaty with four tribes of Indians. It was my lot, in company with eight others, to be employed in boating goods for the treaty, and provisions for the troops down the Ohio. Our first cargo, however, consisted of cannon and ammunition, which we brought in a flat bottomed boat belonging to a certain Mr. Elliot, and delivered at Fort M'Intosh [or at the

mouth of Big Beaver creek.] We were then sent back with the boat, having on board Mr. Elliot himself as passenger and we were four days arriving and getting 35 miles, and drinking a barrel of whiskey. When we got up to Pittsburgh another boat was put into our possession by one captain O'Hara, who was contractor for the army, and is now resident in Pittsburgh. In this boat we made four voyages; and on the fifth voyage three officers came on board, viz. Col. Harmer, Dr. M'Dowell, and lieutenant Ball. When these officers came on board, I was considered as having no more command, but had to sit and row as a common person. After having sailed about 18 or 20 miles we put in to the shore for the night, and kept sentry in the boat. The next morning a large English cheese was missing, and great search was made for it. But at length a man by the name of Shickhen found it in the river at the stern of the boat, where, in all probability, he had put it himself. But colonel Harmer swore that every man should be flogged when we arrived at Fort M'Intosh: but it must be observed that he and the other officers were, if not intoxicated, at least highly inspired ; for they drank freely. —We sailed about two o'clock, and took the liberty of speaking to the steersmen several times, and warned them of the danger we were in of striking against the rocks, at the same time intreating them to steer for the Virginia shore, or every man would be lost; but the best word I could get from colonel Harmer was "*silence*! you d——d rascal, or I will have you flogged for an example to the rest."—In a

few minutes, however, the boat struck, and Mr. Shickhen and myself jumped into the water, and bore the stern up the river, and I ordered two men to hold her in that position to prevent the boat from being overset. You may judge now, my candid readers, how the tune was altered from "*You d ——d rascals*" to "*Now my clever fellows*, which of you will leap out and swim ashore, and run down to Fort M'Intosh, and bring us another boat?"—The distance to the fort was above ten miles, the river full of ice, and the banks covered with a deep snow.— Notwithstanding the hazardous enterprize, I pulled off my coat, tied a handkerchief on my head, and taking a setting pole in my hand, I jumped into the river, and taking the advantage of the current till the water reached my breast, I swam about five or six hundred yards, before I struck the bank.—Tom Shickhen followed my example, and landed safely.—We then held a consultation, and judging that there was a house about four miles up the river, we concluded to make for it, which we accordingly did, and to our great joy we found a canoe, and by the assistance of the owner we hauled her into the river, for she lay about forty yards from the river.

We then proceeded down the river in a cold and shivering condition: our clothes were frozen stiff on our backs; but we were not gone more than two hours until we returned with the canoe. Having arrived at the boat we refreshed ourselves with some ardent spirits and then commenced unlading the boat: and from this time, colonel Harmer from the most embittered enemy,

became the most singular friend to me in every instance, as you will find in the sequel of this narrative.

As soon as we could get the boat off, we set in for the shore, where we left Dr. M'Dowell and two private soldiers to take care of the goods, which we could not carry with us, until we slipped down to the Fort, and returned for the balance of the lading.

Having tarried a few days to refresh ourselves, we sailed to Pittsburgh, by order of colonel Harmer, and waited there until captain O'Hara was ready to embark the balance of the goods and provisions with which he had contracted to furnish the troops.

Having received our cargo, we set sail late in the afternoon, with an expectation of arriving at Fort M'Intosh early the next morning. But we had to stop at Mr. Elliot's mill (three miles below Pittsburgh) for some barrels of flour. At this time the ice was floating in great abundance, and having been detained at the mill until nine o'clock at night, it was with no small difficulty we got into the channel of the river. I had to stand on a plank about a foot broad, and steer the boat (which was built after the manner of a batteau) but unluckily the broad end of the oar slipped on a cake of ice, and the plank on which I stood being slippery, I pitched headlong into the river, and was out of sight for some time; but a kind providence made way for me, and at length I got my head above the ice, and some of the men in the boat putting out a setting pole, I caught hold of it, and was drawn into the boat,

and my life preserved.—As soon as I got into the boat captain O'Hara says to me "you had better go and pull the fore oar." Accordingly, wet as I was, I obeyed his orders, and the consequence was, that I froze stiff in a few minutes.—The men wrought hard for about an hour endeavouring to make their way through the ice; but at last the boat struck against a fish-basket below the mouth of Shirtee on the Virginia side, on the 22d day of December 1784. Here we lay all that night expecting death every moment; and indeed had it not been for the iron on the stern of the boat, which enabled her to withstand the shocks of the floating ice, we must inevitably have perished. Even the recollection causes me to shudder, when I reflect how narrowly I escaped ending my mispent life. Every means in our power were used to dislodge the boat from the fish-basket. When a cake of ice would dash against the boat, every man that was able to stir, would jump out, up to his neck in water, and exert himself to the utmost, but in vain. While we lay in this distressed situation, our cries were heard to Pittsburg.—Capt. O'Hara offered 200 guineas to any man who would bring him safe to the bank. Induced by this offer, or through motives of humanity, two men set out from the land in a canoe, with an axe and some fire; but they had not advanced above twice the length of their canoe, before they were obliged to return to the bank, which they effected with great difficulty, and to the imminent danger of their lives.

At length we came to a determination of

throwing the lading over board; but captain O'Hara was opposed to the measure, as part of the lading belonged to himself, and part to the United States. Notwithstanding this, we had firmly resolved to throw over board not only the cargo, but captain O'Hara himself, if he persisted in his opposition. From the conduct of capt. O'Hara, in this instance, it appeared that he cared very little for the lives of his men, provided he and his goods could be saved. All hands then fell to lightening the boat, until she floated down into the eddy under Magee's Rocks, and every man made the best of his way to the bank, over the ice; except myself who lay not able to stir, with two men to keep me company, one by the name of Grub and the other of Shickhen. These two men remained with me till about three hours before day, when they leaped up, and swore that the boat was going off, and immediately proceeded on the ice towards the bank; but they broke through the ice, and had it not been for some branches of a sycamore tree that extended over the bank, which they fortunately caught hold of, they would most probably have been lost.

I begged of them if there was a rope about the house where they were going, to send the ablest man, and tell him to tie it about my middle, and drag me to the land. But word was soon brought me that there was no rope about the house. I then gave myself up for lost; expecting nothing but death; for had the boat gone off, she and myself must inevitably been dashed to pieces on the ice.

JOHN R. SHAW, Corporal in Capt. M 'Curdy's Company, cast away.

In this hopeless condition, I lay until the rising of the sun, when lo! to my inexpressible joy, the lieutenants Butler and Smith came to Mr. Wood's just below the mouth of Shirtee, and seeing all the men except myself, they made enquiry after me, and were told that the boat had been seen descending the river with me; but not being satisfied of the truth of the information, they proceeded to the head of Magee's Rocks, where they beheld me lying in the boat. Accordingly, with great humanity, and not without difficulty, they conveyed me to the shore, and lieutenant Butler carried me on his back up the cliff to Wood's house, and laid me before the fire, where I fainted immediately. Upon this they put me between two feather beds, where I lay until a large tub of fresh spring water was prepared for me, when my feet and legs were put into it, which was no doubt beneficial, for I was frozen up to the knees. A large poultice of turnips was afterwards applied to my feet and legs.—Here I lay for twentyone days in such a deplorable situation, that I was expected to die every hour.

There are three men now living in Kentucky who were eye witnesses to my sad misfortune, gentlemen of the first character, to whom any reader who is desirous of proving the truth of this relation may apply; viz. Mr. Rogers, senior, of Bryant's station, and John Rogers his son, and James Stephenson of Madison county; for these gentlemen were, (as I said before) eye witnesses of my unhappy case.

When the river became navigable I was taken

down, in a boat belonging to a Mr. Hulen, to Fort M'Intosh, and safely conveyed into the garrison, and put into the barrack room with sergeant major Duffey, his wife and corporal Reed; next door to the apartment occupied by colonel Harmer and his lady. Here I was accommodated with all sorts of necessaries, with two orderly men to wait on me, and the attendance of two Physicians, Dr. M'Dowell and Dr. Alison. In short, no assistance was wanting, which could be rendered to a human creature in my situation.—The kindness of Mrs. Harmer still remains fresh in my memory, and shall never be forgotten. She sent me every day the best viands, and the choicest liquors her table could afford; and everything suitable to a person in my weak and helpless condition. Indeed had I been a commissioned officer I could not have ex-expected better treatment.

Before the termination of the winter, a quarrel arose among several of the officers, and each company espousing the cause of their own officer, fell into the ranks, determined to die by the side of their respective captains. There would most probably have been bloody work, had it not been for the interferance of major Finney, who threatened the offending officers with a prosecution, if they did not desist from their hostile intentions. Captain M'Curdy was immediately put under arrest. But how matters were compromised among the officers was never known by the private soldiers.

While we lay at Fort M'Intosh, general orders were given, that no soldier should have liberty

to buy spirituous liquors without a permit in writing first obtained from a commissioned officer. Agreeably to these orders, a certain corporal Carney one day made application to his lieutenant for liberty to buy a quart of rum. This unfeeling officer, having a black thorn stick in his hand, made no more to do, but knocked out the poor corporal's brains; and the consequence was, that the lieutenant was put under arrest, and sent up to Fort Pitt to be tried for wilful murder. But he was liberated and suffered to run at large, by reason of the regiments being disbanded, in consequence of the time for which they were enlisted being expired; so that there was no court martial to try him, and what became of him afterwards I know not.

During my stay there, every exertion was made for my recovery, and on the 19th day of August 1785, at my request I was discharged with two others, viz. John Harris and Thomas Parks as unfit for either field or garrison duty. We were furnished with a recommendation to the honourable legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, in order to receive a pension allowed to soldiers in similar circumstances. We were accordingly sent to Fort Pitt in a boat, with orders to stay in the garrison as long as we pleased, and draw provisions, and when we set off for Philadelphia to draw one month's provisions to carry us there. Being much lamer than the other two, I had to travel 300 miles upon crutches. And when we came to Annas-town, we met two companies of three year's men; and the captain, who was from New-England, being a soldier's

friend, treated us with much politeness, and gave us some money to bear our expences, and made intercession with some pack-horsemen, to convey us to New-Bedford, which they agreed to do; and when we arrived there, we parted with them and proceeded on our journey for Philadelphia.—We saw very hard times until we came to Carlisle. Here being particularly acquainted with many of the citizens, I presented my discharge and recommendation to the magistrates of the town, who went about and raised money sufficient for our travelling expences to the city of Philadelphia.

As soon as we arrived at the city, we parted, and for my part, I had but one eleven-penny piece left; and I thought I must go where I had left many a half joe, which was at the sign of the Globe, behind the barracks.—The landlord's name was *Sell.* Accordingly assuming an air of self-importance, I went in boldly, and called for a quart of beer.—"O, how do you do, Mr. Shaw?" says the landlord.—"Not very well, Mr. Sell, I have met with a sad misfortune, by being frost-bitten, which I fear will occasion me a lameness for life." I soon discovered the countenance of my landlord to change; and he began to make excuses as not being able to help me, &c. without being asked. So I took the hint, drank off my beer, and determined to try my fortune elsewhere. I then went to the sign of the Half-Moon, kept by a certain Mr. Apkey, above Pool's bridge, between Front and Second streets; and made my case known to the landlord, and begged

him to let me stay in his house for two or three weeks; telling him at the same time that I had no money, but was in hopes of getting a pension. "Well, stranger," replied Mr. Apkey, "if you can put up with such fare as I have, you are welcome to my house."

In a few days I made application for my pension at the Orphan's Court; where were also several others on the same business. I employed a certain Mr. Barton, an attorney, to present my recommendation; but nothing could be done; for no provision had been made for such soldiers as were disabled since the revolutionary war. My attorney then drew up a petition to the general assembly, which I presented myself. It was read and ordered to be laid on the table, but in a few days I prevailed on one of the members to have it brought to a second reading; upon which a committee consisting of Mr. Creak, Mr. Climer, and Mr. Finley were appointed to consider my case. In a few days they met and reported. The result of which was, that it would be better to petition the council. A letter being given to me for that purpose, directed to Squire Shippen, requesting of him to use his utmost endeavours in having the pension bill amended. From Squire Shippen I went with a note to Squire Rush and to another gentleman, requesting of them to meet at four in the evening of that day, which accordingly they did in company with colonel Harmer, but without effecting any thing of consequence, further than that of giving me a letter to the council, who promised that something should be done next session for me. I thought it

hard, but submitted with patience, placing my confidence in that Beneficent Being who always is able and willing to help all who call on him, as I fully experienced in Philadelphia, when first I made application for my pension. Being in want of the common support of nature, and not being able to work, ashamed to beg, and dreading the consequence of stealing—in this wretched situation, I one day sat on a wharf, bewailing my sad destiny; when a lad stepped up to me, saying, "Stranger what is your complaint? and what has brought you to this distress? Tell me freely and I will afford you all the relief that is in the power of a 'prentice boy." I told him, that being an old soldier, and discharged as unfit for service, with a recommendation to the board for a pension; where it seems nothing could be done, as no provision had been made for superannuated soldiers since the revolutionary war; which occasioned me to be destitute of support, except that which Providence threw in my way. "Well, good man," said he, "you are a stranger to me; however, I will do all in my power for you, for God only knows what I may come to myself; my father is a seafaring man, and perhaps now may want assistance." By this time I began to feel in better spirits, and asked the lad his name and where he lived. "My name," answered he, "is Wm. Downes, I am an apprentice to Mr. Edwards, the cooper, who lives in Water street; he is a charitable man, which induces me making bold to invite you to come and tarry in his shop until you can do better." I thanked him and immediately repaired to my new lodgings, where

my only dependence for support was, from what this boy could procure for me from his master's table. One day being observed by the housekeeper in taking some victuals from the table she enquired into the cause, and being informed; said "She was happy in having it in her power to alleviate the distresses of a fellow creature, as far as the extent of her contracted finances would admit of." She proved as good as her word by sending by my kind benefactor some of the best victuals her master's table afforded. Which was the occasion of my situation being made known to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; from whose kind hospitality I received an adequate sustenance, until it pleased kind Providence to open a way for my future support.

My hopes were still sanguine, particularly on my meeting general Knox, who informed me that at the ensuing session hè doubted not but the pension act would be amended, and then I would certainly be put on the list. Colonel Harmer likewise informed me that he would use his utmost endeavours in forwarding my case.

Shortly after I got acquainted with an old continental officer; who kept store at the corner of Third and Market streets. He gave me a letter to the speaker of the house of assembly, (Thomas Mifflin, Esq.) requesting him to raise a subscription among the members of the house for my present relief. On his reading the letter he desired me to tarry in the state-house until the business of the house was over. When the business of the day was over Mr. Mifflin read the letter to the gentlemen; and was the first in

acquiescing with the requisition therein mentioned, by contributing his mite, being followed by Robt. Morris and the rest of the members present. On the clerk's counting the money, it amounted to nine pounds thirteen shillings.

The speaker then ordered him to deliver it to me. My gratitude on receiving this liberal donation may be easier imagined than expressed. Suffice it to say, that I felt as if thunder struck; however recovering myself I walked into the state-house yard; where meeting with a fellow, whom I believed to be a sharper, who accosted me saying "Shaw I can tell you where you can get well used for your money; and I will go with you, provided you treat me to a grog." I answered him saying, I could, find people enough to take a shilling out of my pocket, but none to put a penny into it.

I started and never stopped until I got to my old friend Abkey's, and paid him off my score, then repaired to a slop-shop where I equipped myself with a suit of clothes, from head to foot.

The next day I left the city, and had not travelled over 15 or 16 miles before I was overtaken by two gentlemen, who asked me "if my name was not corporal John Robert Shaw, formerly under the command of colonel Harmer." Yes, please your honours gentlemen, I belonged to captain M'Curdy's company. "Have you got the amount of a subscription from colonel Harmer?" No, I have got a subscription from the general assembly.—The gentlemen then observed "That colonel Harmer had collected fifteen pounds

when they left Philadelphia, and by then supposed he must have increased it to twenty pounds. They then enquired if I had any money. I answered yes, a little, upon which they gave me more money and desired me to go on to the next tavern; from whence they would write to colonel Harmer, to send the money on by lieutenant B——: then ordered the landlord to let me have what refreshment I wanted and they would pay for it.

In a few days lieutenant B—— came. I went and spoke to him concerning the money, which he took amiss and threatened to horse whip me, if I did not proceed on my journey. My confidence in colonel Harmer was such, that I then thought he had sent the money on by lieutenant B——; which B denied, though he promised me to write to colonel Harmer, requesting of him to deposit the money with lawyer Climer, a gentleman of Reading, a particular friend of mine. I will hereafter have occasion to mention what became of this money.

Proceeding on my journey to Lancaster, from thence to Carlisle, where I continued for some time in extreme distress; but was providentially relieved, by a friend whom I met there, who, besides administering to my immediate necessities, wrote a petition for me, setting forth in a pathetic manner my misfortunes and inability to work; which petition was signed by the magistrates and the most respectable inhabitants of Carlisle.

From Carlisle I proceeded to Little York, where I got the name of the gentlemen beggar,

particularly owing to my appearing as clean in my dress as my indigent circumstances would admit of. I always made it a point to be unassuming and civil, which was the cause of my being well treated wherever I came, one house excepted, which was that of an Englishman living in Pennsylvania. At this man's house I called one frosty night and asked for quarters, the man of the house invited me in, and told me to sit down by the stove, introducing me at the same time to his wife. When I got a little warm a conversation took place in which I endeavoured to entertain them with the occurances of my past life, after which the man of the house took down his violin and played several tunes; when done his wife asked him into another room to supper, leaving poor pilgarlick behind the stove both hungry and weary; having nothing to refresh himself with. When they had done he again repeated his music, and shortly after withdrew to bed, leaving me to pick out the softest plank for my bed and pillow, however lying down hoping for better times I rested tolerably well, considering my hard fare.—The next morning the landlord accosted me very politely with "Good morning to you sir, how did you rest last night?" I thanked him (for the compliment but not for the bed) and told him I rested very well.

I then proceeded on for Marsh creek settlement from thence to Hunterstown, and so on to Gettystown, to Jockeystown and then back to Little York; through York barrens to the Straw tavern, crossing the Susquehannah at Bald Friar Ferry; proceeding to Nottingham township

thence thro'Chester county to Oxford, and then to Octorara, where I stopped one night. It being snowing and entremely cold, I went to the house of a Mr. Smith (a seceding minister) requesting liberty of him, to lie that night by his kitchen fire. He answered he would not admit strangers into his house, but coming to the door and pointing towards a neighbouring house, observed that the man of that house entertained every distressed traveller that came that way. So off I hobbled in the dark, in hopes of finding the house, but unfortunately missed the way by taking the wrong path, which brought me to a widow's house; where knocking at the door the old lady made her appearance, when I asked for quarters; she observed that being a poor widow and having no person about the house but herself and daughter, she was dubious in admitting strangers. Well said I, if you will but let me warm myself, I flatter myself you will not turn me out this dismal cold night; accordingly she admitted me to her fire, where when I had warmed myself I unbound my feet and shewed her the situation I was in from the frost; and likewise observed to her the treatment I had met with from Mr. Smith, which induced her to pity me, and to observe that I was welcome to whatever the house could afford, and immediately provided me with a warm supper and a comfortable bed. When I lay down I ruminated a considerable time on what kind Providence had done for me, in sending me to this poor widow's house. The pleasing thought occasioned me to feel at that time as happy as Mr. Smith with all his riches.

Next morning the widow's daughter went to Mr. Culbertson's (a covenenter minister). This was the man to whom Smith directed me the preceding evening). She told him in what manner Smith had treated me. On the girl's return home, she brought me an invitation from Mr. Culbertson and his lady, requesting of me to go to their house, which I gladly embraced after taking leave of my hospitable hostess and daughter. On my arrival at Mr. Culbertson's, I was kindly invited in; and after a short conversation, was requested to tarry as long as I thought proper. The next day Mrs. Culbertson and her daughter (named Sally) cut me out some shirts and made them; the rest of my clothes they had washed and mended for me. Here was a heaven on earth to me whilst I stayed, which was twelve days—Not willing to encroach any longer on his kind hospitality, particularly as I observed him to be daily troubled with distressed travellers. On my departure Mr. Culbertson and family, gave me a pressing invitation to call on them if ever I travelled that way, and that I should meet with the same hospitable reception.

Starting from Mr. Culbertson's I proceeded to Charlestown in Maryland, and there meeting with a person who demanded of me a pass, I observed that I thought my disabled situation was pass sufficient; which satisfied him. So proceeding on to Robert Lastley's near North-East bay, where I continued until my feet got better and my strength recruited, doing small jobs occasionally about the house; but some mis-

understanding taking place, I left there and proceeded to Jacob M'Dill's in Pickway, where I undertook a large job of ditching, which when nearly compleated I was recommended by said M'Dill to a Robert Biers, with whom I engaged to dig one hundred and seventy rod of large and small ditches which I soon accomplished.

Soon after I started down for Chester county, and commenced working with one Francis Hoops, (a quaker). I made no bargain with the man, any further than that he told me he would reward me according to my merit; accordingly to work I went and can solemnly declare that day light never caught me in bed during that winter, which I worked for him; besides doing every thing in my power to render satisfaction to the family; particularly to the woman part, which was a point I made never to deviate from. But alas! I found it all in vain, and therefore on the first of March I demanded a settlement, in hopes of getting something for my labour. How unspeakable was my surprise when Hoops, said "John, thee may think thyself well paid." Said I, you know Francis, that I received only thirty-three shillings for my three month's work. If this be ample reward for my labour in this world, I hope God will reward you in the next according to your deeds here; for "cursed is he who defraudeth the labour of his hire." I complained to the elders of the meeting, but being poor and Hoops rich, consequently received no redress. I leave you to judge, reader, what sort of a conscience (or whether any) this meek and lowly quaker must possess. However I soon engaged

with a man of the name of Barrack Mitchener (a neighbour of Hoops) for six dollars per month, to quarry stone and burn lime, with whom I lived six months; and then hired with Thomas Butler of London-grove township, to quarry stone, where I had the misfortune of breaking my leg, which was occasioned as follows: after blasting some rocks, I went to wedging some more, when the sledge glanced against the wedge which struck me on the leg. I dropped for dead, and lay for some time, no one being convenient to assist me. After recovering a little, I crawled on my hands and knees, a half mile through frost and snow, which, made my situation almost desperate. The kind invitation of my friendly host Culbertson now occurred to me, to whose neighbourhood I was conveyed next day on horse back.

I took up my quarters at the house of a Daniel M'Cready, where I had the attendance of doctor Culbertson (the son of my benefactor) under whose care I continued about eight weeks and then returned to my former occupation of stone quarrying.

I now began to be weary of a single life (being two years a widower) therefore paid my addresses to a young Irish girl, by means of which I learned a new mode of courting, which is generally styled bundling. The mode pursued is, after the old people retired, my dulcinia took me by the hand and led me to her bed chamber (where, a hint being as good as a nod for a blind horse) to bed we went and spent the night very agreeably. This mode of courtship I understand is fashion-

able in different parts of the union, and I flatter myself not disagreeable to the young folks.

After living here some time I got into the diabolical habit of fortune-telling, in which calling there is a great deal of confederacy. In pursuing this honourable calling I got the appellation of the English fortune-teller. Here I also got acquainted with a quack doctor, who told me, he would undertake to make me take a distaste against spirituous liquor, for which I agreed to give him half a guinea; he accordingly got two live eels, and put them into a quart bottle, filled with rum, letting them stand for three or four days; then gave me a portion every third day, until I began to grow weary of the medicine; having every reason to believe it would not answer the desired effect, consequently declined taking any more of it. Shortly I heard of a doctor Murray in Lancaster, whom I had every reason to believe could perform the much wished for cure. I accordingly made application to him, who agreed to cure me for three half joes.—He therefore prepared a potion, part of which I was to take every two days until the cure was effected; however I had not taken it long before I began to swell and froth at the mouth like a mad man.—True it is it had like to have proved an effectual cure by sending me to the other world. Some time after this a Mrs. M'Harrey offered to cure me of this dreadful propensity; to which I agreed, and she accordingly administered a dose to me, sufficient to have killed a horse; the result of which was my being in five minutes time, ten times sicker than ever I re-

membered to have been with the bottle fever in my life. By this time I found out that nothing but fortitude and a good resolution could be an antidote against drinking ardent liquors to an excess.

CHAP. VIII.

The author starts for New-London, travelling thro and working at different places — proceeds to Philadelphia, from thence to Wilmington by Chestertown—contracts a temporary marriage—taken short at night, the effects of sour cyder—arrives in Philadelphia again—leaves there and commences well-digging—at which he narrowly escapes death—enlists as a soldier—arrives at Washington—St. Clair's defeat—is discharged, &c. &c. &c.

Shortly after I took a tour to New-London, through Chester county to Newark; from thence to Christein bridge, where I commenced work with one Joseph Hogle. Continuing here but a short time, I started again for Philadelphia to Wilmington, and so on to Chester; where stopping at a tavern I refreshed myself. I had not been long there before a young woman came in; I invited her to drink, after which a conversation took place, in which she informed me she intended travelling beyond Derby, but should tarry there for her brother. So I bid her farewell and pursued my journey; but did not proceed far until I stopped at a man's door and fell into a conversation with him. We had not long con-

versed before the young woman above mentioned passed us. I soon followed and came up with her, accosting her with,well overtaken young woman. She observed she would be glad of my company, as there was no probability of her brother coming up. Thank you madam if my company be agreeable we will travel together as far as you go my road. So on we jogged, as happy as king and queen. I learned from her conversation that she had an uncle living about two miles from Derby, to whose house she gave me an invitation to go with her; with which I cheerfully complied. Night coming on, and growing weary, we sat down to rest, when an innocent conversation took place, to the following purport: My dear, I should think myself the happiest man on earth if allowed to kiss your sweet lips; this request she kindly complied with, after which some natural familiarities took place between us, (which may be better imaged than here expressed) that induced her to throw her arms around me, saying, my dear will not you marry me. Yes my love, certainly, we shall get married to-morrow. So on we jogged to her uncle's, who, with his family was in bed. So I proposed lodging in the barn, to which my intended bride agreed; in we went, made ourselves a bed of hay, on which we agreeably spent the night. In the morning I went out, and made my escape with all possible haste across the country, leaving my disappointed bride, expecting every moment (I suppose) my return, in order to perform my promise of marriage, which to this day I have neglected fulfilling with her.

I crossed the country to Dicworthstown, where

I lodged that night, and drinking some hard cyder which occasioned me to be taken short in the night, unfortunately there was no chamber-pot in the room, nor yet could I get the window or door open, which occasioned me to have recourse to my hat, which I well filled before morning. Rising at day light, and going down stairs, with my new constructed conveniency under my arm, was called to by the hostler, saying "who comes there?" a friend, said I.—"I doubt it," said he. "What's that you have under your arm?" said he. Come and see said I; accordingly he came, and going to lay hold of the hat, I caught his hand and put it into the hat, which made him bestow a volly of abuse on me. I started on to the sign of the Red-Eagle, sixteen miles and a half from Philadelphia, kept by Adam Cryder, with whom I hired as an hostler, but soon grew weary of that business. I therefore determined to try my fortune once more in Philadelphia. On my arrival there (being in the evening) I repaired to New-market, where being invited to a frolic, was introduced to a fine parcel of ladies (all mother Carey's chickens). I had not been long there before I made choice of one of them to spend the night with, and called for a room, where we had not been long before we were disturbed by one of the men coming from a back room, much intoxicated and as destitute of clothes as when born, which disgusted me so much, that I withdrew and left my fair one to sleep without my company that night.

My name being established in the country as a well-digger, I was accordingly sent for by a

certain John Wilson, living on the Lancaster road, forty-five miles from Philadelphia, with whom I commenced digging a well, which went sixteen feet into a solid rock. After the completion of which, I opended an old well, which had been left unfinished for fifty-two years; at which I made very rapid progress, and soon insured to finish it for him, even provided the Devil was at the bottom of it; which I accordingly did, though unfortunately it had like to have cost me dear; for unthinkingly leaving a loose rock in the side of the well, twenty-seven feet from the bottom, and thinking I had got a sufficient depth under water, I called Mr. Wilson to come down into the well and satisfy himself; he had not been there fifteen minutes before accidentally looking up, he cried out "Shaw, the well is caving in." I looked up, and to my great surprise saw the rock above mentioned, tumbling down, which struck the bottom of the well first, then rolled on my left leg, then on Wilson's left arm, which it broke in pieces, and there held us fast until the neighbours extricated us. This I look upon as one of the most providential escapes of my life, particularly, when I inform you reader, that it took two blasts before it could be got out. My leg was not much injured, but Mr. Wilson will remain a cripple the residue of his days.After finishing the well, I felt anxious for a frolic, and therefore started for Philadelphia (where I paid for the roast before I got back) arriving at the sign of the White-horse, was there ordered to assist in conveying a madman to bedlam. On our way we stopped at the sign of the Unicorn

for refreshment, where I beheld a ghastly sight, a poor unfortunate man, who the day before fell into the fire in a fit, and burnt his eyes out, and his head to a cinder. The sight of these two unfortunate objects made such an impression on me, that I could not rest for several nights after. I thought I saw the madman grinning me in the face, and the unfortunate dead man following me with his ghastly appearance.

We soon arrived in the city, where I left my company and went to one of my old rendezvous, at the sign of the three jolly Irishmen, in water street; here I began my career. Getting in company with a blade, equally as anxious for frolicing as myself, we began with a gallon of mulled beer, qualified with a quart of good spirits, in the punishing of which, we were joined by some interlopers and half a dozen fine girls with a piper and fiddler. These composed our jolly group, where we spent the day merrily; and late at night broke up, pretty well done over. However, being determined to enjoy the pleasures of the night as well as the day, I proceeded with my doxy to her lodgings. Being introduced to the landlady, was invited up stairs into a room, with a good bed and otherwise fully equipped for entering on the wars of Venus.

But alas! how disappointed were my hopes; for when stripped and ready to jump into the arms of my fair one, I unfortunately (at her request) stepp'd to put the candle out, when lo! the floor gradually sunk, and in a few seconds I found myself safely landed in a back street, with no other covering to guard me against the i

clemency of a cold winter night, than my shirt. Finding myself completely done over, I repaired to my old quarters, where the landlord gave me some old clothes to cover my nakedness.

I put on a bold face to try my fortune once more, and left the city, it being the middle of winter, without shoes or stockings, the rest of my clothes not being worth one dollar, the ground slightly frozen over not sufficient to bear me up, consequently occasioned the blood to flow abundantly over my feet. On the evening of that day which I left the city, I called for quarters at a tavern, where I spent freely going down. The landlord looking at me, observed, he was afraid I would rob his house. I must confess that my appearance was by no means prepossessing; however he invited me to the fire where I tarried all night, when next morning he asked how he should dispose of me in case I died. I told him to dig a hole and bury me in it, which he was not at the trouble of doing, but sent me along with some waggoners, amongst whom was a jolly young man that had drank a little of the same bitter cup amongst the ladies in Philadelphia. He said he would assist me, and accordingly did, by tipping me a little out of brown Bet, which contained some double fortified stimulous. Parting with the waggoners, I trudged on till I came within a mile of the White-horse, where meeting with three old soldiers, one of whom formerly belonged to captain M'Curdy's company, in the first American regiment, commanded by that undaunted hero, colonel Josiah

Harmer, whose name ought to be written in letters of gold. The old soldier gave me a pair of shoes, and recommended me to stop at the White-horse, whose landlord was particularly hospitable to old soldiers. I took his advice and shortly arrived there. There being a fox hunt in the neighbourhood that day, occasioned the house to be thronged, however they made way for me to the fire, where I experienced great pain; however the landlord gave me every assistance in his power, and sent me on in a waggon to Downingstown, across Brandywine to the sign of the Ship. There I took off the main road, and made enquiry for colonel Humpton, formerly commander of the sixth Pennsylvania regiment, who treated me with genuine hospitality—supplying me with a complete suit of clothes, some money and a pair of crutches, with which I jogged on to a tavern, where I took up my quarters. There happened to be a Mr. John Boyd and a Mr. Printer in the house, who lived in Octorara and to whose bounty I am much indebted. I tarried here until I got well, where leaving my crutches, I pushed for Chester county, to my old friends the quakers, where word was left for me that a certain Abraham Gibbons, a quaker preacher from near Lancaster, had a well to finish that six other diggers had given up.

I undertook to finish the well or lose my labor. My employer being a droll old fellow, I cannot help mentioning a joke that happened between him and a curious old Irishman: A conversation took place one day at dinner on faith, when

the quaker observed that he had faith enough to walk on water without sinking; so on their going to work, they had to cross a creek, over which lay a log, the Irishman being behind as the quaker was crossing, gave the log a shake, when down pops poor broad-brim, up to his neck in the water. "Ah! dear Abraham," said Pat, "where is thy faith now?" "Friend," said Abraham, "thou hast outwitted me." I shortly finished the well, for which I was honourably paid.

Then went to dig a well for a Mr. Miller near New-Holland, and setting one Sunday evening at the door in company with the said Miller and family, we heard the report of a gun not far distant; however taking no notice of it but retired to bed, from which we were shortly disturbed by some of the neighbours coming in, ordering us to meet at a certain mill, which we did. Immediately after two young men having passed that way, and stopping at a house, gave a young woman one dollar for washing some blood off their shirt sleeves; being asked what occasioned it, said they had almost killed old M'Castleton, and were going to a Mr. ———where they could be found if necessary.—Shortly after a man came along, who found the old man dead in a waggon rut, which gave the alarm to the neighbourhood, and occasioned about sixty of us to meet at the aforesaid mill, where dividing in different parties, it fell to my lot to be of the party that took the culprits. We bound them and brought them to where the dead man lay, but they denied the fact. However we conveyed them to Lancaster, where we arrived about sun rise and took them

before Squire Hubley, who committed them to prison. I was surprised to see the levity of one of them, a lad not exceeding fourteen, who seemed to make little of his situation, which appeared as if he could foretell what the event would be; for when they were tried, they were acquitted for want of evidence.

I began to grow weary of that part of the country, so pushed on to Lancaster, determined on a frolic; putting up at Adamstown, I soon met with plenty of boon companions, to help in carrying on the caper. Here I gave myself the name of Peter Alexander Wild-Goose, and generally went by the name of Wild-Goose the madman. The young bucks of the town frequently making me groggy, for which I gave them Morgan Ratler in style.

One day going to see the curiosities of Mr. Whitman's brewry, he and some more gentlemen happened to be there, when the conversation turned on the size of kettles. He observed that one of them contained 500 gallons. I swore he was a liar, for which he said I should give him gentlemanly satisfaction; accordingly off I started for my sword, but totally forgot ever to return.

Off I started to the country, resolved to take up my old trade of basket-making; however at this time I engaged with a Mr. Holes, to work at the mine-banks, in company with an old soldier, who loved a drop of a dram as well as myself. Here I had the pleasure of getting acquainted with a widow, whose acquaintance seemed very agreeable. One evening, being in company with

her over a bottle of good whiskey, the conversation turned on matrimony, which I evaded, and it growing late proposed going to bed, which my bucksome widow agreed to; where we spent a most agreeable night with a promise of my repeating it. But next morning, left both the mine-bank and the widow, and proceeded on to within ten miles of Lancaster, where I engaged to quarry 1000 perch of stone, for John Shank, whom I found to be an ill disposed person. He having thirty men at work for him in building a grist mill, with every man of whom (when the first story was built) he fell out.

Off then I started for New-Holland, where I undertook to dig a quantity of wells. The names of the people for whom I dug, and the depth of the wells as follows:

Adam Miller,	17-feet	
William Clark,	23	Chifly rock. [stone.
John Hance,	10	And quarried 300 perch
Thomas Taylor,	19	
Alexander Mahony,	30	
George Aire,	14	burnt 3360 bus. of lime.
John Painter,	16	
Thomas Harris,	52	
Robert Hamilton,	36	
John Peters,	24	Dug 300 rod of ditching.
William Reynalds,	14	
Andrew Numan,	23	[4 cellars.
Gasper Yordan,	23	40 rods of mill race and
John Rodes,	26	6 cellars.
John Wilson,	57	
William Kasill,	16	
Job Pile,	14	

Abraham Penick,	40
Joseph Preston,	24
Thomas Morton,	20
Abraham Gibbons,	14
William Pugee,	19
John Hamilton,	9
Total,	589 all in Pennsylvania.

In 1791 I was sent for to Lebanon to hunt water, where I got the name of a water-witch. During my continuance here, a company of six month's men, commanded by captain Payette, halted here being on their way for the western country. I went to see if there were any of my old comrades amongst them, (being fond of the company of an old soldier) and found two, with whom I spent a jovial night, and the next morning making too free with my bitters, the general beat, which elevated me so that I fell in and marched all day, and halting in the evening, I began to cut some didos, bantering the captain or his men to go through the manual exercise, which occasioned the captain taking more notice of me, and proposed enlisting me, (he not knowing my decripped state) accordingly, I enlisted and we marched on for Carlisle and encamped on the commons. A quarter guard being called out, it fell to my lot to be on duty, and placed as centry over the captain's marquee, was challenged by a gentleman (an acquaintance of the captain's) inquiring, if my name was not John Robert Shaw? I answered yes, but requested no discourse of him whilst on centry, which he politely declined. However after I came off duty,

my captain sent for me, and told me, that Mr. Creathe (merchant in Carlisle) requested me to call on him, which I accordingly did; and never in my life was more hospitably treated than I was by himself, his family, and captain Alexander, his son-in-law, to whose benevolent hospitality, I shall during my existence ever remain grateful.

We marched on through the different towns until we arrived at Pittsburgh, where we continued until the arrival of the rest of the army from the different states, then embarking in twenty-three different boats for Fort Washington (Ohio). It fell to my lot to go in a boat belonging to a Mr. Holsted (a sutler) where I officiated as helms-man, in which I was very fortunate, never getting a ground the whole voyage, though other boats were continually striking. I remember going to shore and observing an uncommon large Sycamore tree, had the curiosity to measure it, and (almost incredible to tell) found it measured twenty-five feet in diameter. In twenty-one days from our embarking, we arrived at Fort-Washington, and encamped, and when rested, the companies commenced drilling, which was a good opportunity for displaying my knowledge of tactics, which occasioned me to be appointed drill sergeant of the company, which I divided into grand and awkward squads; all the experienced soldiers I put into the grand squad, and the unexperienced into the awkward; according to the progress of the latter they were admitted into the former. Our general orders were to drill three times a

day; but my squads wishing to excel, took every opportunity of becoming acquainted with tactics; in which I was particular in facilitating their progress. I pursued the plan instilled in me by old corporal Coggle, of the 33d regiment, whose knowledge in tactics was not excelled, perhaps by any soldier in the union.

I always acted as fugle-man and commander in putting them through the manual exercise, after Stuben's improved plan, taking particular care to give them an erect and soldierly appearance, both in attitude, look and walk. After which I taught them to wheel and form in every position, from right to left, and from left to right, and from the centre, until I had them sufficiently versed in all the evolutions. After this procedure I put a firelock into their hands and made them acquire a thorough command of it. Through my indefatigable assiduity and skill, I brought my squads so forward in a short time as to be considered as good disciplinarians as any in the garrison. As a proof for which I refer my reader to major David Zeigler (now residing in Cincinnati) lieutenant Whistler, and sergeant-major Bennet, whose knowledge that way is inferior to none in the United States.

One day being walking in the garrison accompanied by an old soldier, of a sudden was accosted by general Harmer (who had just resigned his command to general St. Clair) asking me "if my name was not Shaw?" I answered, yes, please your honor. "Did I not discharge you in 1785 as unfit for duty?" Yes, your honor. Upon which he desired me to come into the room,

where he represented my case to general St. Clair and the rest of the officers, giving them a correct account of my performance and unhappy disaster at Fort M'Intosh, and said, "I was not fit for a soldier and ought to be discharged;" asking me how I became enlisted; the particulars of which I informed him of, and requested of him to speak to general St. Clair, to allow me to perform garrison duty, as I thought myself as capable of performing such duty as any man in the army, which was readily granted.

I then took the liberty of asking colonel Harmer whether or not he received some money by subscription, for me in Philadelphia, and if not delivered into the hands of a Mr.——— "Yes," replied he, "and did you never receive it?" I answered, no; then gave him an account of what I had received from the members of the legislature —my leaving the city—being met by two gentlemen—their kind treatment to me—my delaying three days on the road for Mr.———his treatment to me, &c. &c. Well says the colonel Mr.— will be down the river shortly, and I will make him give you the money. He came, it is true, but he being of a sanguinary disposition and an officer, induced me never to trouble him for it.

In the course of a few weeks the army received marching orders, and myself with every man unfit for actual service were ordered into the garrison, under the command of lieutenant Pasmore. Here I remained a few months, in the course of which, the lieutenant received recruiting orders, at which, time I was on the commissary's guard. A sergeant came there with an

order for me to go to the lieutenant, who gave me a bounty of six dollars, enlisting me for three years, unless sooner discharged. I then requested of him to give me four days liberty to spend my bounty in, which he complied with. Accordingly away I went, got half a dozen canteens, repaired to town, to one Kelly's, a piper, called for a good grog, got my canteens filled, and began to make merry, but did not enjoy myself long before I was sent for by the lieutenant, who on my arrival informed me the doctor would not pass, nor the muster-master muster me. So I told him I had spent part of the bounty in the purchase of rum, which I hoped he would admit into the barracks, which he accordingly did, allowing me one day to get drunk and another to get sober, and making me a present of another dollar besides the one I spent; this with many other favours I received from lieutenant Pasmore, particularly that of his allowing me to work in the town, where I dug the first well that ever was in Cincinnati, and by my directions the well in the garrison was finished, besides a number of other wells which I laid off, and which have been finished since my leaving there, which is a clear demonstration of the infallibility of the forked rod. For I do maintain that there is no danger of failing in procuring water, provided a man digs to the depth prescribed by the man who carries the rod, and understands the efficacy of it.

In the course of some time, I was one of a command, who went to drive cattle to the army. We drove on to Fort Hamilton and across the

Great Miami, and at night took up our quarters on good camping ground, where we baked up all our flour, little thinking how much need some of our fellow soldiers stood in for food. However, next morning proved to us the certainty of it, for by eleven o'clock we were met by five of the cavalry, who communicated to us the sad news of general St. Clair's defeat, and which communication they were carrying express to Fort Hamilton. The news had a disagreeable effect on some of our party, who were immediately seized with the cannon fever, and retreated with all possible expedition back to Fort Hamilton, where they received the punishment due for desertion and cowardice.—However the rest of us (six out of eleven) proceeded on with our cattle and shortly met the retreating army, (a sight truly grating to us) some wounded and the whole of them starving and dejected. To work they went, and in a few moments slayed half a dozen of our bullocks, stewing them up in a quick time, without paying any particular attention to the nicety of its cooking. However we left them enjoying themselves in their luxury and proceeded on to Fort Jefferson, where the sight of our cattle was a pleasing object, particularly as they had been subsisting on horse flesh for some days prior to our arrival.

The next morning we started back to Fort Hamilton and from thence to Fort Washington; when we arrived there we encamped in a very disagreeable situation, and suffered extremely from the inclemency of the weather. In a short time we were all discharged without any prospect

of being paid, however, myself and two more sold our certificates for a mere trifle, and crossed the Ohio for Kentucky, and proceeded on till we came to Campbell's station, where we stopped all night, one of my comrades selling a pair of stockings to pay for our supper, being all the provision we received until we arrived in Georgetown. But before we arrived there, we took up our night's lodging near Elkhorn, in Craig's saw-mill house, in as cold, hungry, naked and in fact miserable and lousy a situation as ever I remember to have been in. Next morning we proceeded to town, and stopping at the house of a Mr. M'Quiddy, requesting of him liberty to warm ourselves, which he complied with. While there, I observed an oven full of Irish potatoes and roast beef, which smelled so sweet that I longed to be tugging at them. After a little conversation we requested liberty to tarry all night, to which the landlord did not seem to consent, but observed there was an old school house not far off, where we might stay. The hopes of enjoying some of the beef and potatoes, together with the pleasing appearance of the landlady, I by no means wished to change for the uncomfortable lodging in a cold and dreary school house. However by the intercession of the landlady we were allowed to stay all night and likewise partook of the beef and potatoes. Next morning observing a pile of wood, we cut it up by way of compensation for our supper and lodging.

By this time we began to deliberate what we should follow in this strange country for a living. One of our company quitting us, the other (being

a New-Jersey man). I heard of a certain Mr. Laughead, living about six miles from Lexington. We started for there, on coming to the house knocked and asked liberty to warm ourselves, which was readily granted; shortly after made application to stay all night. The landlady hesitating a little, saying her husband was not at home, but by her brother's interceding for us, she gave up. Her brother was acquainted with the hardships attending war, being formerly embarked in it, and now a militia captain. He gave us a great deal of encouragement concerning this country, and an invitation to stay in the neighbourhood, telling us there were two of his tenants who wanted men to hire. Here we dropped the conversation for that night, it being far spent, and being invited to supper, induced me to suppose myself amongst my old Pennsylvania farmers. I now began to enquire of the woman of the house what her husband's name was, and being informed it was Laughead, then asked if he was related to a man of that name in Octerara, (observing her colour change) she answered, yes, that is my husband's father, do you know him? I answered I did, and his daughter Jenny; that I formerly lived with a Mr. Culbertson, a covenanting minister, and that Mr. Laughead was one of his elders, which occasioned me to be well acquainted with him. By this time the landlady seemed very well pleased, asking me many questions about the covenanters and seceders in Pennsylvania, until bed time came on, when she proposed making us a bed on the floor; but we honestly opposed it,

telling her that we were lousy and not fit to sleep in a bed. She in a few minutes brought me a clean shirt, which made my comrade uneasy, observing "Shaw, how comes this, that you are so much more in favour than I?" Because said I, you look like a Jersey-blue and I like a Pennsylvania farmer. But I had scarce uttered these words, when she brought him another, which occasioned him to laugh with both sides of his mouth. She likewise brought us some old clothes to lie on, and then retired for the night.—After which we stripped ourselves and committed our old shirts to the flames, from whence we heard the cracking of the gentry very plain. Then putting on our clean linen we lay down and slept exceedingly well. Early the next morning captain Mitchel (her brother) returned with some clothing which he generously distributed between us, and directing us to his tenants, as observed before.—It fell to my lot to engage with a Mr. Lanterman, with whom I bargained to maul 540 rails for a new shirt (it being a business I had never been used to) however by the dint of hard labour, I soon earned my shirt. My comrade engaged with a Mr. Applegate to break flax, but being of a bad disposition he shortly fell out with his landlady, consequently left there and likewise inticed me away from Mr. Lanterman's.

CHAP. IX.

The author proceeds to Frankfort—parts with his comrade—experiences a variety of vicissitudes and works at different places until he arrives at Lexington; at which place and its vicinity he meets with a number of adventures, particularly that of seeing a vision, and likewise the anxiety of mind which he laboured under from an excess of spirituous liquors and the result thereof—swindled by Prothroe—was blown up—loses the use of one eye—proves the infallibility of bletonism—blown up a second time—gets married—has a son—a daughter—another son, &c.

MY comrade and I started on our road for Frankfort, calling at general Wilkinson's, who politely treated us to a grog and advised us to go to the salt-works; he likewise generously put us across the river. After we crossed the river the first house we stopped at proved to be a particular acquaintance of mine from Pittsburgh, (Mr. Haymaker), who treated us with kind hospitality, advising us not to go to the salt-works; for said he, "it is a fair Hell upon earth." From his house we started in the morning (with grateful hearts) for Arnold's station, (making inquiry on the road for Jersey and Pennsylvania people) when we arrived at captain Arnold's

house, he generously invited us to dinner, which was truly acceptable. My comrade inquiring if there were any Jersey people convenient to there. Captain Arnold observed his father came from Jersey, and he made no doubt but he would give him work; upon which we started on to Baker's tavern, where we had not been long before some men came to the house, amongst whom was old Mr. Arnold, and with whom my comrade soon made a bargain to work, and trudged off, leaving poor old Shaw to shift as well as he could.

I proceeded to Mr. M'Guire's, who lived in the vicinity, and asked for quarters, which was granted. Soon after my arrival the landlord inquired which way I was travelling. I told him I could not tell how far, but that I was in pursuit of work, which I was willing to do for my victuals and whatever other compensation my employer thought proper. He told me I need go no further, asking me what I could do; to which I answered a number of domestic affairs, such as to wait on his lady, &c. The following morning after breakfast, my employer and I walked to a new improvement (a handsome situation) where he had built a double log house after the Virginia fashion (without a cellar) I asked the cause of his so doing, he observed that the foundation was a solid rock, and that the cellar would cost him more than the house. I told him provided he furnished me with some powder and the necessary tools, that I would blow him out a cellar, for a shirt and pair of shoes; to which he agreed, and accordingly furnished me with a set

of new fashioned tools indeed. Suffice it to say, that by the dint of assiduity and elbow grease, I soon earned my shirt and shoes, and that much to the satisfaction of my employer; after which I built him a lime kiln.

Mr. M'Guire observing a number of his hogs to be badly torn, naturally conjectured it must have been done by a panther, therefore proposed a hunting frolic to me, to which I readily agreed. We started and had not travelled far before we came on the track of two panthers, proceeding on about a quarter of a mile, I observed one of them on the limb of a large tree; calling out to M'Guire (and being entirely unacquainted with the different quadrupeds) yonder is a deer on the limb of that tree, which deer or rather panther, he observing, immediately fired and wounded it, after which it jumped down and pursued different directions, receiving three different wounds before we killed it; and out of his skin I made myself a good pair of shoes.

On the first day of March I started from Mr. M'Guire's, who satisfied me well for my winter's work, pursuing my way across Steel's ferry, and along the north side of the Kentucky river, until I came to a Joseph M'Lain's, where I blew some rocks for him. After which I proceeded to one Abraham Morten's (Jessamine) with whom I engaged to split 5000 rails. Here was the first place I understood that cutting and splitting one hundred rails per day, was not thought a day's work for a man, being the second time I undertook such a job. I first began with forty, but soon found that I could easily accomplish two

hundred, and could do were I acquainted with the different sorts of timber, a fourth more in a day.

I then commenced with a certain capt.—— to blow rocks and quarry stone, and after working with him a considerable time, he insiduously endeavoured to defraud me out of my hire; and with a great deal of persuasion prevailed with him to pay me half of it, considering half a loaf better than no bread.

After receiving my half stipend, I proceeded to the mouth of Hickman, where I got pretty well fuddled, and went to the boat intending to cross, but Mr. Ballenger, the ferryman, observing my intoxication, would not admit me into the boat, consequently returned to the ferry house (Mr. Scott's) where I spent the remainder of my hard-earned money; the result of which was a violent attack of the bottle fever, but the commisseration, assiduity and kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. Scott to me, at that time, shall always be impressed on my heart, therefrom never to be erased.

After recovering from my indisposition I commenced digging a well for John Biswell, four miles from Mr. Scott's ferry; a storm coming on prevented me from progressing, therefore turned to my old trade of frolicing, the result as usual, (the bottle-fever). Afflicted with it, I was one night lying in the tavern before the fire, when I was disturbed by a parcel of ruffians, consisting of major Mastin Clay, lieutenant Spence, a Mr. Moss and Sow. They entered the house and had not been long there, before making inquiry of

the landlord who I was? Answered "old Shaw the well-digger, who is very sick." Damn him, observed Clay, let us have a little fun with him. With that he laid a chunk of fire on my leg which burnt me severely. I jumped on my feet requesting of them to let me alone, saying I was then sick and no person to take my part, but even so, I would try the best of them singly: this exasperated them, and Clay being the greatest scoundrel among them, urged the rest to lay hold of me, which they did, compelling a negro who was in the house to butt me with his head and gouge me severely. I observed to Clay, that if ever an opportunity offered I should pay him off in equal coin, which I fortunately did; for shortly after meeting him at Taylor's tavern in Lexington, I demanded satisfaction for the brutal treatment I had received from him; however by the intercession of some friends, and his making ample concessions, we compromised the matter amicably.

I started from Jessamine in the spring of 1793, and proceeded on to Clear creek, where I worked for Mr. Ephraim, James January, Joseph Wood, James Dunn and William and Joseph Hughes, by all of whom I was well treated. Leaving Clear creek I went to Lexington, where I engaged with one Trainer (a sort of a tavern-keeper) to quarry stone for him at two shillings per day—low wages, but he still wanted me for less, and strove by every means in his power to take advantage of me. His foreman, one Johnson, informed me that three blasts a day, from ten to twelve inches deep was a good day's work for a man. I ob-

served to him, that such a man was not fit to work in a quarry, and bet him a wager of a bottle of whiskey, that I would blow three blasts before breakfast, which I won. After which Mr. Trainer offered me a share in the quarry, which I refused, observing at the same time, that I had not seen a man in Kentucky that I would join in that line of business with.

Shortly after I commenced digging a well for one Samuel Lamb on Clear creek, who generously supplied me with money to buy tools; he likewise furnished me with a horse to ride to Lexington in order to purchase them, which I did, and on my return fell off the horse, and had a very narrow escape for my life. The well I finished for Mr. Lamb, for which I was honourably paid. It was about this time that I dreamed a singular dream, which was that I thought I heard a voice calling to me saying, "Shaw! Shaw! repent or you will be damned;" and in the course of a few weeks after I dreamed another, in which I thought I heard the same voice saying, "Shaw! Shaw! repent and you shall be saved." This last dream alarmed me so much that I awoke the family and communicated my dream to them. There was in the house at the time a certain Andrew Ward, supposed to be a pious man, who exhorted me seriously to reform from the mode of life which I was in the habit of pursuing, and pointed out to me what must be the inevitable result of my perseverance therein, which I took extremely kind.

Leaving Mr. Lamb's I came to Black's station; and so on to Lexington, where I again com-

menced my mad career; falling in company with one Prothroe, who assiduously assisted in distributing my money.

My money being expended and having no place to stay, I requested liberty of this Prothroe to lie in a corner of his shop (he being a cabinet maker) until I got better (being at the time of course afflicted with my old complaint the bottle fever). This he refused, observing I had no money, and therefore wished to have nothing to do with me, but immediately observing that if I would sign my name to a piece of blank paper, he would give me a dram, thinking no harm, I accordingly did, after which he insisted on my leaving his house, which I did in a very distressed situation, and went out to Maxwell's spring; there I drank a quantity of water, which occasioned me to vomit a quantity of blood. Night coming on I walked along intending to take up my quarters that night in a friends house, but growing weary and sick, I lay down in the woods, and shortly fell asleep, continuing so until midnight, when being awakened by a noise which I could not account for, I jumped up rather amazed, and within nine or ten feet of me saw a ball of fire, apparently as large as a bushel, and at the same time heard a voice over my head, crying Shaw! Shaw! will not you speak to me?

A thousand conjectures now began to float in my head; I began to reflect on my former dreams —I rose and began to pray fervently, in which posture I did not long continue before those gloomy visions totally vanished. I then proceeded farther into the woods, but did not con-

tinue long there, before I heard the voice and saw the fire as plain as before; however, day appearing, I felt relieved, and proceeded on the road, where I had not long continued before I observed a man walking along side of me, on a close view of him, I found it to be the exact likeness of Prothroe, imagining within myself that he was killed, and that this my companion must be his ghost. I then observed to him that I never did him any harm, therefore requested of him in God's name to leave me; at the name of God he immediately disappeared, and I continued my journey, hoping the worst was over; but shocking to relate, I did not go far before he met me full in the face, in quite a different dress, when again using my former arguments he again disappeared, and I proceeded on to the five mile cabin, where lo! again appeared my visitant dressed in black. Being determined to ascertain whether or not it was substance, I made a grasp at him, and wonderful to relate! it vanished like an airy vision, but again appeared behind some logs, which lay convenient, beckoning me to come to him; I did and followed him from log to log until he vanished and left me extremely exhausted. I then proceeded to the five mile cabin, got the man of the house to accompany me part of the road towards Lexington, passing by a house, the woman gave me some breakfast, after which observing some drovers going by, with whom I travelled on to Lexington, my visiting ghost appearing to me in different shapes, forms, attitudes and dresses, still beckoning me to approach him, which I now dreaded as he fre-

quently appeared besmeared with blood; however, I found the name of God was my only safeguard, which I continually kept repeating to him, and he as continually disappearing until I arrived in Lexington.

When I arrived in Lexington I immediately went to the house of Prothroe, and told him what I had seen, exhorting him to reform and strive to live a better life, observing to him that I feared something extraordinary would shortly happen from the omens that were portending. He answered saying, "I am determined to live a more regular and christian life, for indeed I had shocking dreams latterly, which induce me to take up the resolution of becoming a better man." I left the house and proceeded up the hill, and meeting with Mr. Patterson and Ellison, who earnestly entreated me to quit the company of Prothroe, and to endeavour to lead a better and more uniform life.

Mr. Ellison politely invited me to his house, it being in the evening. After prayers Mrs. Ellison made a pallet bed for me, where I had not lain long before I was astonished with the sight of the ball of fire and the voice calling to me, "Shaw, wont you speak to me?" I jumped on my feet calling to Mr. Ellison requesting of him for God's sake to go to prayer. He immediately took a religious book and began reading. I seated myself along side of him, with my head between my knees, when I thought I observed the hand of a man stretched towards me. I then got up requesting him to let me read—he accordingly gave me the book and rising up in

order to bring another candle out of the next room, when I thought I observed a venerable old man standing between me and the door, with his grey locks hanging about his ears. Mr. Ellison returned and remained with me some time, whilst I read. But growing sleepy, he called up two of his apprentices and then retired to bed. I continued reading until between the hours of twelve and one, in company with the boys, when I imagined I beheld rising at the end of the table, a head like that of a man's and eyes like two balls of fire, glaring me full in the face. My astonishment at the horrid sight can better be imagined than expressed. However, I summoned fortitude enough to say begone Satan or I'll shoot you with the word of God; when immediately it disappeared, leaving behind a smoke similar to that which is produced by sulphur, which induced me to think it was the Devil, and consequently no hopes for me. My lost state appeared so apparent to me that I requested of Mr. Ellison to summon all the profligate youth and old drunkards in the town, in order to take warning by me and to avoid if possible the life I had pursued, and which brought me to this truly distressing situation. It being an unseasonable hour, Mr. Ellison declined calling them. I continued in extreme distress, the Devil (as I supposed) appearing to me in various forms too horrid to mention, until at length day appeared to my inexpressible pleasure, which relieved me in part from my fancy raised vision.

I requested Mr. Ellison to call in some pious

men in order that I might converse and advise with them, amongst whom was a Mr. Adams (a Scotchman and a good one) who strenuously advised me to study the scriptures and to abide invariably by the precepts therein laid down. During the day my disturbed imagination still continued to raise up ideal aparitions, but at night when bed time came on, I implored fervently the aid of that Supreme Being, who is the defender and support of all us miserable mortals, from which I felt relieved. I tied a handkerchief round my eyes, went to bed and enjoyed as comfortable a night's rest as ever I experienced, after which I enjoyed a calm serenity, for the describing of which words are here denied me, and for which my kind and candid readers will I hope excuse me. Suffice it to say that I turned into work for Mr. Ellison and made him a compensation for the trouble he had been at with me.

After recompensing Mr. Ellison with my labor, for his trouble with me, Mr. James Parker asked me to finish a well which had been begun by Trainer, who refused giving it up, but Mr. Parker told him that he would not employ him any longer, as he considered him a troublesome inattentive man, upon which Trainer gave up the well. Accordingly I commenced digging at a dollar per day.—I had not worked long at this well when I was visited by Prothroe, requesting me to fulfill the contents of an indenture which he said he held against me. I will here beg leave to trespass a little on the reader's patience, in order to be particular in developing fully the character of this nefarious swindler. The reader

must recollect reading in one of the preceding pages of my signing a blank paper at the request of Prothroe, which blank he filled up with an indenture binding me as a servant to him for three months, witnessed by some of his comrades of equal *honesty* with himself. On his producing this indenture I was astonished, and thinking there was no alternative quitted my well and commenced working for him. However taking into consideration that he acquired this instrument of writing unlawfully, I consulted some of my friends, who advised me to compromise the matter with him, which I did after paying him four pounds ten shillings in merchandise. And now I call that Being to witness, who is and will be the eventual judge of all things, that I never directly nor indirectly, owed this Prothroe one cent in my life. I then returned to Mr. Parker's, where I had not worked long before I got ready for a blast, when throwing down the fire twice, and the shot not going off, I went down to prime afresh, but was not careful in scraping the coals away, and leaving some tow round the touch hole, which occasioned the priming to catch. The blast went off with about three quarters of a pound of powder in my hand, which consequently left me for dead in the bottom of the well, but shortly recovering and the neighbours assembling who hauled me up, and after getting bled and drinking a little spirits and water, felt tolerably well recovered, and in the course of eight days after went to work; though feeling rather disagreeable, being both burnt and lame; however I soon ac-

complished the well and for which I was well paid.

I then with some of my companions repaired to Wood's tavern, got groggy, after which was standing in the street, when a shop boy (Saml. Combs) threw a handful of lime mortar into my eyes, by which means notwithstanding every remedy connected with the assistance of doctors was made use of, I lost my right eye. I applied to the boy's father for assistance, but never received any satisfaction. However by the assistance of some worthy gentlemen in Lexington, viz. Messrs. James, Williams and Alexander Parker, John Bradford and William Leavy, there was a subscription raised for me, which assisted me much in my then distressed situation.

Mr. Castleman (tanner) of Woodford county, came to me, observing that his tan-yard had gone dry, requesting of me to go with him and procure him water. I accordingly went, but immediately on my arrival there was taken ill, owing to a cold I got, which struck into my eyes, but by the medicinal aid of doctor Ridgely was soon relieved, and shortly after satisfied Mr. Castleman with water. I then dug a well for Mr. Symmes near Woodford court house.

I fell in with a man of the name of Wright, with whom I agreed to dig wells in partnership. Going to Woodford court house we first commenced partnership in a drinking frolic, which continued until our money was all spent, and then observed by the landlord's looks that it was full time to decamp.

Fortunately a gentleman of the name of Sharp

coming to the house, invited us home, where we were treated very politely. Leaving there we started for Frankfort but my being taken with my old complaint (the bottle fever) occasioned me quartering under a tree. My comrade proceeded to the house of a Mr. Reeves, who kindly sent for me and had me conveyed to an out house prepared for my reception, where I got bled and continued for some days, being extremely well treated. During my illness my comrade went on to Frankfort. For Frankfort I started likewise after recovering, but did not get beyond the cross roads before a Mr. Samuel made application requesting me to find water for him. Here proved a fine opportunity of proving the infallible doctrine of bletonism, there being at least one hundred people present, a number of whom disbelieved the accuracy of said doctrine; but I soon opened their eyes to the truth of it, for laying off three different places which I marked, and being then carried into the house and there blindfolded, and then led out the same direction, I came within six inches of the above mentioned marks three different times without the least variation, which correctness proved the infallibility of bletonism, and caused the astonished crowd to become proselytes to its doctrine. I then proceeded to Frankfort, where I laid off a number of wells, and being called on by a Daniel Weisiger to judge a well he had on hand, which I did with my infallible forked switch and condemned it, but on further examination found there was water to be got in his garden, and

offered to dig him a well for forty dollars, which he refused, though since acknowledged to me that he wished he had embraced my offer. I then returned to Lexington. My fame as a well digger being established so thoroughly, that applications were coming to me every day from every part of the country, which encouragement induced me entering on a scene of intemperance, dissipation and extravagance, the consequence of which was, going deeply in debt in Lexington, particularly to Mr. Hugh M'Ilvain, merchant in said town, to whom I soon owed 100 dollars. It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to know how I contracted part of this debt, which is as follows: One court day in particular, getting a little as usual about half seas over, and dashing thro' and fro among the crowd, I happened to meet with an old woman and her daughter, informing them I had been a widower nine years, and my attachment always being great for women, I promised them considerable presents provided the young one would grant me certain favours, to which she agreed. I accordingly carried them to the store, where the young one first supplied herself with a handsome gownd pattern, and immediately slipped out the door; after which the old one received her fee, observing me talking to the store-keeper, she took the advantage and stepped out at the blind side of me, leaving me as usual in the lurch.

During the summer I made my home at a certain Mr. Kelley's a brother well-digger, convenient to whose house lived a young woman, to whom I got particularly attached. She being but

indifferently clad, I supplied her with genteel apparel, and likewise paid a doctor for attending her during a severe fit of sickness, after recovering from which she married and left me as usual like the done over tailor.

I was sent for by Mr. Elisha Winter living on Tates creek, whom I assisted to dig a mill race, and for which I was well paid. After that being sent for by a Mr. Anderson, who had a large cave on his land and was desirous of ascertaining whether or not there was water in it. I told him there was, but he wished to have it ascertained by some one going down. A number being present, they all refused the disagreeable undertaking; however for the honour of bletonism, I resolved on venturing down. Immediately ropes and every necessary apparatus were prepared and then I made my gloomy exit; at the termination of my career I found what I was certain of before, a fine body of water, a bottle of which I brought up to satisfy the credulous expectants of my resurrection and doctrine—true I was much bruised in body and limbs, all of which I was willing to bear for the honour above mentioned.

I then commenced well-digging for a certain Joel Hill, in part payment for which I agreed to take a wool hat, which I accordingly did, from a hatter, Mr. Hill sending his son with me when I got it. But Mr. Hill neglecting to pay or rather would not pay for it, consequently it fell as usual upon Jonas. I then started and came to a Mr. Redman's tavern, where I took a good jorum. I then proceeded on to Mr. Hubbard Taylor's, living in Clarke county, for whom I dug a well

and for which he honourably paid me. I then went on to Strode's station, where I spent all my money.

At Strode's station I met a soldier who was amongst those who took me prisoner, and whom I treated kindly, as he was in part the means of my continuing in a land of liberty. Taking up goods in Cock and Lytle's store, to the amount of eighteen pounds, I jogged on with them to Clarke court house, and there commenced a roaring frolic with a set of as jovial fellows as ever sat over a half pint of whiskey, amongst whom was a jolly Irishman, who cut as many didos as I could for the life of me; consequently he and I became the butts of the company, and at length began to wrestle, he being booted and spurred, and being likewise dexterous at the fun, had greatly the advantage of me, who had no shield against his steel but a thin pair of trowsers, and nothing to oppose his dexterity but strength; however, by repeating our wrestling, I gained some knowledge of the art, and ultimately got the better of my old Hibernian, though not before I had my legs properly indented with the steel gaffs; the only recompence I could make for which, was to lay him on his back in the fire to dry as it were. Here I exchanged all my goods for whiskey; then turned to jobbing about the town, and shewing Mr. Baker, the proprietor of the land a number of places where water might be found. He kept me there a considerable time, endeavouring all in his power to acquire of me some knowledge of bletonism, after which he sent me off without either fee or reward.

I now started for Lexington, frolicking as usual, and took up goods in Thomas Hart's store, to the amount of four pounds eight shillings. I put up at Gabriel Poindexter's tavern, still continuing my intemperance until stopped in my career by a severe fit of sickness, in which I lay suspended between life and death for some considerable time, and were it not for the skill and kind attention of doctor Ridgley, would never have recovered, it being full two months before I was capable of doing a stroke of work. My first job after recovering was to wall a well for Mr. Wood, and by working for some time up to my middle in water, I unfortunately contracted a cold, which settled in my eyes, by which I became totally blind, but was restored to sight again by that humane and skillful physician, doctor Ridgely.

I now began to take a retrospect of my past life, considering maturely the sums of money and the precious time which I had mispent; therefore resolved with the assistance of Divine Providence to amend my conduct, and be circumspect in my future deportment; as a prelude to which I commenced bar-keeping for my landlord, Gabl. Poindexter, during the continuance of which no solicitations whatever could induce me to violate the bounds of sobriety.

In 1795 I commenced partnership in the stone-quarrying and lime-burning business, with a Mr. John Cock, and continued with him until the season for well-digging came on, which was the means of my partly paying off my debts; for in this same John Cock I found a father, friend

and partner, a good citizen and an honest man. After the conclusion of my partnership I commenced well-digging and dug nineteen that season, besides three more which I dug for captain John Fowler, quarried stone and walled them in. In quarrying this stone I had the misfortune to be blown again; for whilst I was ramming, the blast went off, blew the hammer out of one hand and the rammer out of the other to a considerable distance, however I came off unhurt, a few scattering splinters excepted.

The winter commencing I gave up well-digging for the season, and shortly after got acquainted with a young woman by the name of Susanna Bell, (living in colonel Patterson's family) and to whom I was married by the Rev. Harry Toulmin. The spring following I purchased two lots of James Johnson, on one of which I built myself a new log house, into which I moved and in the course of the summer rented a quarry from John M'Connel, and then carried on stone quarrying and lime burning very extensively. I shortly after engaged with captain Fowler to go to Bank lick to dig for salt water, under the superintendance of captain Alexander, and during my absence on the 11th day of October, had a son born, whom I called Henry Robert Shaw. I continued at the Bank lick until driven away by a storm.

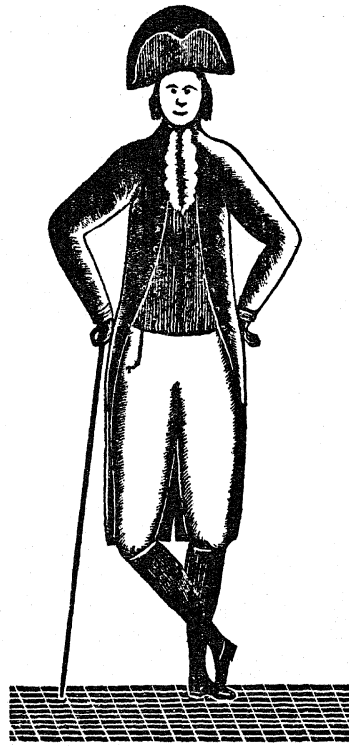
The year following, 1797, I engaged again with captain Fowler to go to the Bank lick, and was to start on the first of August. I thought it best to move my family also, and accordingly sold my house and lot, and at an under price. But

when the time approached that we were to depart captain Fowler, to my loss, was elected a member to congress, which entirely defeated my plan, which occasioned me being under the necessity of renting a house for myself and family. I was at this time under the necessity of contracting an unavoidable debt, which was utterly out of my power to pay immediately. One of my creditors came to me and observed that a pretended friend of mine advised him to sue me. This with some other crosses began to make me very eneasy, but my distresses reaching the ears of captain Fowler, he immediately came to town and desired me to bring him an account of the different debts which I owed; accordingly I did, and he became responsible for them all. Here I cannot help digressing from the thread of my narrative to introduce an apostrophe of gratitude to that kind, that generous, and to me that incomparable friend; but panegyric must be thrown away on him; because his virtues as a man, as a citizen, and to sum up the whole, as an enlightened and disinterested patriot, are so universally known. Colonel Patterson observing likewise the distressed situation of myself and family, humanely gave me a house to live in rent free, with as much fuel as I could consume, for which I shall ever retain a grateful sense.

On the 11th day of April 1798 I had a daughter born to me, whom I called Nancy Robert Shaw. At the same time I entered into partnership with colonel Patterson, in the stone quarrying and lime burning business, and likewise leased two

acres of land from him, for six years, at forty shillings per year.

On the 12th day of October 1799, of glorious memory, I had a son born, whom I called John Robert Shaw, a chip of the old block; and with this pleasing intelligence, to you reader, I shall close this interesting chapter.



JOHN R. SHAW AS A SOLDIER.

CHAP. X.

The author moves to Shelby county, and back again to Lexington—leases a lot and quarry—prospers in the world—goes to Knob-lick to dig for salt water—is blown up again—is conveyed to Lexington in a deplorable situation—a poetic advertisement—an account of the different wells (proprietors names and depth in feet) which the author dug—blown up for the fourth time—doctor Fishback's letter to Mr. Bradford—spiritual convictions—address to youth, &c. &c. &c.

I purchased a piece of land in Shelby county, in order to commence farming—accordingly built myself a house and moved there. I was led to believe that I should meet with good encouragement in my line of business in Shelby county, but I soon finished all that was to be done, and often wished myself back delving away in my old quarry again. Getting tired, I sold my land and moved to near Shelbyville, on a farm belonging to colonel Lynch, who promised me continual employment, but in the course of seven weeks I finished all the work he had for me, and likewise all that was to be done in Shelbyville.

In 1801, on January the 18th, I had a son born, whom I called Wm. Robert Shaw; and in

the fall following I returned to Lexington, with a firm determination never to move from it again. I now rented a house of major Morrison, at twenty pounds per annum; and shortly after engaged with Messrs. Jordan, Wilkins, & Co. to try for salt water in the Hanging Fork of Dick's river, but without success. I now considered that the rent I was paying was rather more than I could well afford in my present circumstances, I therefore provided myself with a house of lower rent; major Morrison generously demanding no more of me, than was lawfully due for the time I continued in his house. Shortly after I went to dig a well eight miles from town, where I unfortunately was seized with the sciate, which continued on me ten months. It was about this time that I leased a lot from Mr. Thomas Bodley, (the most fortunate day's work I ever did) upon conditions of making certain improvements, all of which I accomplished the first year. Mr. Bodley likewise allowed me to open a quarry convenient to where I leased, paying six pence per perch for all the stone I quarried.

I now commenced stone quarrying without one shilling in my pocket, but the jade fortune who so often smiled as well as frowned on me, did not desert me in my present exigency; for three gentlemen, viz. Messrs. Archibald Logan, James Rose, and Christopher Smedley, stepped forward and rendered me every essential service which I stood in immediate need of—services which shall never be forgotten whilst John Robert Shaw continues to breathe the vital air. I

now drove on my business with encouragement and good success, my oldest son assisting me as much as his tender age would admit of, and by assiduity and industry was shortly able to hire as many hands as I wanted, and also to purchase a couple of pair of oxen, a cart and a waggon; and to crown all my good fortune, was blessed with another son, whom I called James Robert Shaw.

A contract being entered into between Messrs. Jordan, Wilkins, & Co. with Messrs. Wilson, Ball, & Co. for liberty to dig for salt water, at a place known by the name of the Knob-lick, for which purpose the gentlemen thought proper to employ me, where after working through different substances strongly impregnated with salt I had the misfortune to be again blown up. Mr. Young, superintender of the well, hearing the explosion from a neighbouring house immediately ran to the well and sent a man down to see what situation I was in. The man observing my brains running out cryed out that it was not worth while taking me from where I was as I was dead. However, they soon hauled me up—had me conveyed to a cabin—sent to Danville with all possible speed for doctor M'Dowell, who dressed my wounds.

I conceive it unnecessary enlarging any further on my deplorable situation; suffice it to say, that I lay twelve hours senseless, and in two days after was conveyed to Lexington. On my way through Danville was treated with great humanity, which I shall never forget. On the fourth day I arrived at my own house, and by the

medicinal skill of doctor Fishback and the kind attention of my friends and neighbours, I continued mending until Christmas day, when I was setting with a few friends, and conversing on my happy deliverance, was instantly seized with a pain in my right eye, which occasioned me the most excruciating torment, connected with a very high fever, which induced doctor Fishback to bleed me sixteen times in ten hours. In this distressed situation I remained five days when my eye burst and immediately the pain left me.—This unhappy misfortune kept me from work for three months and five days, but during said time my kind and generous employers allowed me half pay, for which I hope the recompenser of all good, will pay them in full. As soon as I was able to do business, my employers sent me to the well to superintend the business. But Mr. Young being there and ordering the boring in a manner which I told him would not do, and which after some perseverance he found to be true.

Mr. Young is a very clever man, but knows nothing about well digging. I left the Knob-lick again, and came home to Lexington, where in order to attract public attention, I gave the following lines publicity:

I'll join my hand unto the spade,
When on the rock the sledge is laid;
I'll hoist away and make a smell,
And that's the way to dig a well.

John R. Shaw, who now intends,
To blow up rocks and dig in wells,
Can water find by the new art;
So well the fresh, so well the salt.

Since conjurers became so wise,
In telling where salt water lies,
I hope I shall not be forsook,
I've try'd the art of Mr. Cook.

And to my friends I do declare,
A witch I never was before;
Before my master doth get rich,
Come unto me the art I'll teach.

No stipend of my friends I'll take,
I'll teach you all for friendship's sake;
All you that wish to dig salt wells,
May easily know that Shaw excells.

ANOTHER.

In Lexington my friends may find,
Me working at my trade;
In raising stone to suit your mind,
And digging with my spade.

All you that have my stone received,
And find them not to suit,
I'll haul the offals back again,
And send a fresh recruit.

I can dig wells, you all well know,
Good water I can find;
In spite of patent laws I'll shew,
For naught I will be kind.

Great contention long hath been,
Who can good water find,
But I'll insure, altho' unseen,
For all I am half blind.

Good lime I always have on hand,
Supplied you all can be;
However great be your demand,
Come friends, come unto me.

In all the branches of my trade,
So punctual I will be,
It never shall by one be said,
John Shaw has cheated me.

AS I am drawing towards the close of my narrative, I shall here insert the number of wells which I dug in the state of Kentucky, which must be a convincing proof to my fellow citizens, that I have not been an idle performer on the grand theatre of life. The depth of said wells in feet, and the proprietor's names, are likewise inserted as follows:

Names.	*Feet.*
James Parker, (Lexington) - - -	13
Ditto Ditto - - -	11
John Bradford, - - - - -	9
Andrew Holmes, - - - -	9

William West,	4
John R. Shaw,	5
Ditto	17
William Allen,	8
George Adams,	9
John Boggs,	13
Andrew Holmes,	14
James Trotter,	11
A public well,	14
John M'Nair,	5
Messrs. Morton & Beaty,	15
Benj. Stout,	14
Messrs. Whitney & Mansill,	14
John Postlethwait,	18
Ditto	9
Ditto	29
A. M'Ilvain,	13
Mr. Parish,	13
Mr. M'Gowan,	16
Mr. Coansi,	11
Samuel R. Barr,	12
George A Weber,	11
Robert Patterson	13
Ditto	17
John Ellison, 2	42
John Stillfield, 2	38
John M'Bain,	29
John Smith,	9
Edward West,	15
Robert Campbell	25
Robert M'Cormic,	24
Martin Hoagland	16
Nicholas Bright	20

Andrew Hare, - - - - - 20
John Fowler, - - - - - 15
Ditto - - - - - 15
John Cock, - - - - - 9
Thomas Theobald, - - - - 12
Andrew M'Calla, - - - - 16
Ebenezer Platt, - - - - - 12
Mr. Crawford, - - - - - 12
Michael Raber, 2 - - - - - 39
John Sprinkle, - - - - - 7
John Thompson, - - - - - 8
Mann Satterwhite, 2 - - - - 54
Doctor Ridgley, - - - - - 29
Col. Hart, 2 - - - - - 56
Peter January, sen. - - - - 31
For the seminary, - - - - 17
Mr. Bosworth, - - - - - 26
Samuel Boyd, (Fayette) - - - 15
Ditto Ditto - - - 30
John Higby, - - - - - 22
E. Hayden, (Jessamine) - - - 41
J. Wood, - - - - - - 15
C. Wilkins, 2 - - - - - 24
Wm. Young, - - - - - - 7
Mr. Ferguson, - - - - - 13
Thomas Reed, (Woodford) - - - 9
Philip Thurman, 2 - - - - 15
James Wallace, (Fayette) - - - 35
John Kennedy, - - - - - 9
Hugh M'Ilvain, - - - - - 10
Robert Holmes, (Lexington) - - - 13
Maj. Henry Scott, - - - - 10
Ditto 2 - - - - 50
Mr. Long, (Fayette) - - - - 15

Mr. M'Cann, - - - - - 26
John Dyer, (Fayette) - - - 10
John Jameson, 2, - - - - 30
Lewis Castleman (Woodford) - - 12
Josiah Mosely - - - - - 3
John Sellars, - - - - - 3
Mr. Sims, - - - - - - 3
Joseph M'Lain, - - - - - 3
Mr. Sims, - - - - - - 19
Joel Hill (Madison) - - - - 19
Ditto ditto - - - - 3
Hubbard Taylor, (Clarke) - - - 20
George Taylor, (Bason) - - - 3
John Bucknor, - - - - - 3
John Gordon, (Fayette) - - - 9
John Fowler, 5 - - - - - 40
Jesse Guthrie, (Lexington) - - - 5
Mr. Young - - - - - - 7
State-House, (Frankfort) - - - 35
Major Love, - - - - - 57
Henry Ferguson, - - - - 14
George Heytel, (Lexington) - - 9
Nancarrow; & co. (Shelby) - - - 12
Ditto ditto - - - 18
Major Morrison & co - - - - 30
Widow Parker, - - - - - 22
Adam Keyser, 2 (Bason) - - - 17
David Stout, - - - - - 9
Mr. Morton, - - - - - 6
Gwinn R. Tompkins, (Fayette) - - 26
Col. Lynch 2, (Shelby) - - - 36
Adam Stout, 2 - - - - - 16
Mr. Shipman, - - - - - 3
A public well in Shelbyville - - - 17

George Hansbrough, - - - - 14
M. Flournoy, - - - - - 6
Rice Smith, - - - - - - 8
Wm. Merriwether, - - - - 16
John Reed, (Shelby) - - - - 6
John Shipman, - - - - - 7
Doctor R. Henry, (burnt house) - - 14
Wm. Harris, (Shelby) - - - - 21
Mr. Smith, (Bason) - - - - 3
Jesse Spears, - - - - - 3
B. Roberts, (Bason) - - - - 3
James Rose, (Lexington) - - - 10
Margaret Wood, - - - - - 23
Thomas Bodley, - - - - - 30
D. Payne, (Fayette) - - - - 7
James Wilson, (Lexington) - - - 25
John Downing, - - - - - 7
Henry Clay, - - - - - 29
A. Logan, - - - - - - 7
Mr. Morris 2, (Jessamine) - - - 11
David Stout, (Lexington) - - - 16
Buckner Thruston, - - - - 29
Thomas Bodley, - - - - - 15
John Caldwell, - - - - - 31
John Jordan, - - - - - 25
Wm. Huston, - - - - - 27
C. Keizer, - - - - - - 13
Wm. Leavy - - - - - 14
Black Charless, - - - - - 2
Mr. Norton, - - - - - - 12
John Campbell, (Jessamine) - - 9
Lewis Saunders, (Lexington) - - - 11
Col. Hart, - - - - - - 36
Wm. Thompson, - - - - - 18

Liby, & Co	41
Anthony Blest,	25
Andrew Price,	12
Mr. Yeizer,	13
Alexander Parker,	9
Scott and Trotter,	6
Trotter and Cross,	13
Mr. Young,	21
John Ficklin, (Jessamine)	22
S. G. Trotter, (Lex.)	19
Ashton and Shread,	22
Widow M'Nair,	16
Ditto ditto (Fayette)	10
Jn. Brown, (Lexington)	15
Mr. Thompson,	16
Turner Morris, (Jessamine)	9
William Campbell, (Bason)	3
Mason Lodge, (Lexington)	23

The whole amounting to 177 wells, and 2608 feet, besides a number which I have dug within these four years, which I have kept no account of; also quarried 6339 perch of stone and burnt 12750 bushels of lime, and likewise dug and blew three mill seats and 150 rod of mill race.

The property which I have acquired by the aforesaid labor is five acres of land adjoining Lexington, on which is an excellent quarry, which with industry yields me annually a handsome profit. On my lot I have made considerable improvements, such as a dwelling house, spring house, smoke house, wash house, a stable and waggon house, all of which I estimate at two thousand dollars, and my lot and quarry at

two thousand dollars more. But in consequence of accumulating said property I have been equally if not more disabled in battleing with the rocks than the gallant Nelson has been in battleing against the enemies of his country, as I have lost no less than one eye, four fingers, one thumb and seven toes. But in taking a retrospect of my past life, it is a pleasing gratification to me that I have in many instances been useful to mankind in the line of my profession, and that I have through Providence been able to provide for my family with a handsome prospect of future support. These connected with the flattering hopes that I possess the good will of my fellow-citizens, which I shall with assiduity endeavour to retain, are pleasing sources of consolation, which will eventually smoothen the rugged path of my peregrination through this life.

I shall now relate to my readers in the words of doctor Fishback, my then attending physician, as delivered by him to Mr. Bradford for publication, an account of my fourth and last time of having been blown up while digging a well for Mr. Lewis Sanders of Lexington:—

"Mr. Bradford,

"It may not be uninteresting to your readers, though distressing to humanity, to give publicity to one of the most dreadful misfortunes that perhaps has ever fallen to the lot of any individual—

"John R. Shaw, whose melancholy condition is the subject of this narrative, is a well-digger and stone quarrier by trade, and is not less distinguished for his honesty, industry and use-

fulness, than for his accumulated evils (if such they may be called) which have pursued him for many years past.

"The 23d of August I was called upon to visit him, being informed that he had been blown up in a well for the fourth time. On approaching his mangled body, it presented a spectacle unparallelled by any thing which I have seen or known in the annals of man. The skull was fractured upon the frontal bone, a little to the right of its middle and just below the edge of the hair. In consequence of a very considerable depression, it became necessary to trepan the part, by which a great number of small pieces of bone were taken out, and the depression entirely removed. The bone forming the wall of the external corner of the left eye was likewise broken, which was also removed. His right shin bone was very much shattered, the left arm was fractured in one place, with the loss of two fingers and the rest very much bruised, his right arm broke in two places, one just above the wrist and the other at the elbow, with a considerable injury of the hand, the skin upon the breast, and stomach was very much bruised and cut, from which I inferred he was leaning nearly over the blast; his mouth, nose, skin of the face, eyes and head were exceedingly wounded. Having several years before lost the use of his right eye, but little hopes now remained, should he recover, of his ever enjoying the advantage of sight again, as the surface of the remaining eye ball was considerably bruised and torn by a number of small pieces of stone. In addition to

the above, his face was enormously swelled and covered with blood, gun powder and dirt, so that it was utterly impossible to recognize the lineaments of John Robert Shaw. The impression produced on my mind, from seeing his body lacerated in every part, is easier to be conceived than described. It may perhaps astonish the medical world, to be informed that the use of the lancet was at no time necessary, nor was he at all delerious after recovering from the first shock. It may not be improper to observe that ultimately the wounds healed in the most friendly manner."

"JAs. FISHBACK."

Here reader, picture to yourself my pitiable situation: a wife with a numerous progeny around my bed, bemoaning my sad condition, whose cries and situation occasioned more anguish to my heart than my excruciating torture, did that of pain to my feeling. But I cannot in justice restrain my pen from observing that the unremitting, skillful and assiduous attention of my surgeons, doctors Fishback, Dudley and Warfield, connected with the generous contributions of my neighbours were an innate source of satisfaction to me, and a great means of alleviating those acute sensations which I then laboured under and which at this side of eternity, shall never be erased from my grateful bosom.

It may not perhaps be uninteresting to my readers, to hear of the different flashings of spiritual conviction which at different times pervaded my bosom, during the career of those

vicissitudes which I have given them a detail of.—Having had calls, intimations and warnings at various times of my unhappy and depraved situation, by sights, dreams, goadings of conscience and otherwise afflicted, in order to draw me from the vortex of vice, into which I was immerged. But all proved ineffectual, until I arrived at Mr. Culbertson's (a covenanting minister in Pennsylvania) in whose house prayer was regularly attended to morning and evening, and where something innately foretold me that the day of grace was not yet past, which induced me to form a resolution of reforming and leading a better life and to become if possible a new man. But alas! transient was the resolve, for falling in company with some of my old associates, I relapsed again and pursued as usual the broad road to destruction. In this course I continued for some years, until at length I was awakened to a sense of my wretchedness by one of the Lord's wonderful works. While walking in Lexington within a few steps of a friend's house, there came up a violent thunder storm, the lightning from which struck a scaffold pole within a few yards of me. From the sudden impulse of the moment, I dropped on my knees, on which I did not long continue, but jumped up and went into the house, where I found the house-keeper and children almost dead from the effects of the ligtning: the neighbours were immediately alarmed, and flocked to the house, where prayer meeting was held, at which conviction again flashed me in the face; but pitiable to relate, equally as transient as the former. I

continued two years in my unregenerated career, and until I received the calls at Mr. Lamb's on Clear creek, the particulars of which, with the succeeding result, I have detailed in full in the preceding pages. During my residence in Shelby county, (K.) the old serpent had got such a hold of me, that I determined never again going to meeting, strongly impressed with the idea that all this tumbling, falling down and screaming was nothing but hypocricy and deception; therefore thought it unnecessary attending religious societies, but wait for the Lord's working his own cure on me as he thought proper. During the impression of these notions, I was digging a well for a Mr. Spears.—On Saturday he and family were preparing to go to meeting, (they being methodists) and requested of me very strenuously to go with them, observing that probably the Lord might that day regenerate me anew, and open my eyes to a clear sense of conviction. Accordingly I went, where during sermon I felt truly uneasy and dejected, using every endeavour to pray and exhorting the Lord to have mercy on my soul. The congregation dismissed and appointed to assemble again at the meeting house by candle light. When night came on I repaired to the meeting house and took my seat in a corner, where I had not been long before I felt such feelings as I never before experienced. I trembled, shook and after some time endeavoured to rise and go to the window for fresh air, but I should certainly have fallen had it not been for the assistance of two men who helped

me. The distressing appearance I made was awful, for I never in all my life suffered so much innate anguish. I left the meeting at two o'clock in the morning, went home and lay down, in order get some rest, but the goadings of my conscience kept rest from me and caused me to lie in a state of unutterable anguish, which induced me forming the resolution of taking neither rest nor refreshment until my soul felt tranquil in embracing the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next day being Sunday the meeting was held at the stand in the woods, where there was collected a vast concourse of people of different tenets and denominations, where Mr. M'Henry spoke from the following words:

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man"—Eccle.xii, 13.

After he had spoken some time, a deep horror struck me. I thought the *Devil* wanted to drag me from amongst the crowd, which occasioned me to start through them, and never stopped until I reached home, where I threw myself on the bed, my mind being wrought up to the highest pitch of perturbation and anxiety. My wife observing my deplorable situation, advised me to go back again to the meeting, which I did; and the first man I met was Wm. Tandy, an old brother toper of mine who was equally afflicted with myself.

Night coming on, and praying and preaching continuing, people of all ages, sexes, colours and conditions, began to fall, until there were at least from eighty to one hundred on the ground to-

gether. This worked strongly on my mind, and gave me a pleasing ray of hope, which occasioned me to feel exceedingly rejoiced at the pleasing prospect of living for the future as a new man, and treading, if possible, the paths of the righteous.

I now joined the Methodists, whose religious tenets always corroborated with my own; and now it pleased the Lord to raise my drooping spirits, and to lead me on, as I thought then, in the undeviating path to the new Jerusalem. But alas! Religious controversies began to disseminate in this the dawning of my spiritual salvation, which caused the back-sliding of a number, with myself, whose spiritual experience was not more permanently stable. May those polemic disturbers, be struck with a thorough sense of the multiplied mischiefs they occasion; and likewise may they be susceptible, that whilst they continue acrimonious, metaphysical controversialists, they never can accomplish the end designed by the *Parent of Christianity*, whose persuasive argumentation is a compilation of meekness and humiliation, the genuine characteristic of the real Christian. And finally to conclude, I shall recommend to those controversialists,—for every one of them frequently to lay his hand upon his heart, and consider what he is doing. It will have this good tendency—that it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious pursuits of life. It will lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous

and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt, which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confession, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and doing those things which they ought not to have done."

I will now take leave of my candid reader, if any reader should have patience to accompany me so far; by endeavouring to warn those who are entering into life (and to them my admonitions are chiefly addressed) against those follies and various vices, which are laid down in the preceding pages, and which the author was (through the various vicissitudes of life which he experienced, unavoidably, or rather intuitively) led into, from the strong propensity of his nature, to that depravity which is always indigenous to us frail mortals.

Through all the career of my folly, vice and intemperance, I made it a point never to lose sight of industry; from which source I now derive my present advantages in pecuniary concerns; with the pleasing prospect of an ample support for myself and family, during the residue of my declining years. Therefore I shall begin with recommending industry to my youthful readers, which is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason and of *God*. Remembering always, that the years which now pass over our heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From our thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of our lives. They will hereafter bear

testimony, either for or against us, at that day, when, for all our actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, we must give an account to *God*. Whether our future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence, and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

The tenor of the moral admonition, which I would wish to urge, is, for youth to labour incessantly in overcoming the natural propensity of human nature to evil; to aim at perfection, though he knows he cannot reach it; to aim at it, because he will thus approach much nearer to it, than if he gave up the pursuit in the timidity of indolence: to have courage enough to withstand ridicule, the weapon of the wicked, in their subtil attacks upon virtue; to beware of the refinements of sophistry, and to be humble enough to learn his duty, both to *God* and man: to beware also of the seducing influence of fashionable vice; of those unfortunate persons, who, from a want of education, or from foolish pride, *live without God in the world*, and on whom, addresses of a serious kind, are for the most part, useless, as that pride, self conceit, and self importance, which leads them to adopt with ostentation, the tenets of infidelity, and the practices of immorality, usually renders them deaf and blind to all representations, come from what source they may. It appears to me, to be one of the most important precepts, in forming our religious principles and ideas, not fully to depend on our

own reason; to distrust the accutest understanding; to be really humble; to reverence the opinions received by our forefathers; to remember the shortness of life, the imbecility of human nature, and to accept with pious hope, rather than with disputatious curiosity, the comfortable doctrines and promises of the received Revelation. It will be a great inducement to this prime virtue of humility, to reflect on the diseases and pains, both of body and mind, incident to our nature; on the terrible degeneracy into which we may fall when deserted by the grace of *God;* and, at the same time, on the consolation and improvement of heart which may be, and is derived, under every calamity, and on the bed of death, from sincere devotion; to pray for faith, when doubts arise; to beware of that weak and wicked vanity which instigates the Deistical and sceptical pretenders to superior powers of reasoning, to write and publish their sophistical and presumptuous tenets on revealed religion. I am happy in the opportunity of adding my testimony, inconsiderable as it may be esteemed, that all plans of conduct, and prospects of happiness independent of these virtues, must terminate in vanity and vexation, and that these shall supply a perennial fountain of such consolation, as the world can neither give nor take away.

It is impossible to recapitulate all the variety of suggestions which have preceded, or to make any great addition to them in the limits of this short admonition; neither was it my original intention.—It is sufficient that a few of the most

important points are touched upon in the conclusion of this narrative, with a view to leave a due impression on the mind of the reader, who may be induced for want of something better, to bestow an idle hour on its perusal. And now I wish to observe that in whatever I have now said in the style of direction and advice, I meant only to offer, not to obtrude; to submit, and not to dictate.

JOHN R. SHAW.

The Deplorable Situation of JOHN R. SHAW, late Well-Digger of Lexington, surrounded by his Friends and Distressed Famliy—23d August, 1806.

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